WEIRD ADVENTURES ON OTHER WORLDS—THE UNIVERSE OF THE FUTURE
PLANET
COMICS
JULY
NO. 31
10c
GALE ALLEN
BATTLES SPACE TERROR IN
"FIRE-PRIESTS of ORBIT X"
MARS, God of War
THE LOST WORLD..

WHY GUESS?

GET THE BEST!

THE BIG SIX OF THE COMICS

EVERY ONE A WINNER...
JAM-PACKED WITH FAST ACTION
AND DRAMATIC ADVENTURE

LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE

LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE

A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

PLANET COMICS, No. 31, July, 1944. Published every other month by Love Romances Pub. Co., Inc., 670 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. T. T. Scott, Pres.; Paul Payne, Editor. Re-entered as second-class matter July 8, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyrighted, 1944, by Love Romances Pub. Co., Inc. Yearly subscription in U. S. $.60; Foreign $.80. Single copies 10¢ in U. S. For advertising rates: Wm. J. Delaney, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A.

NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 32, SEPT.) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND JULY 10th.

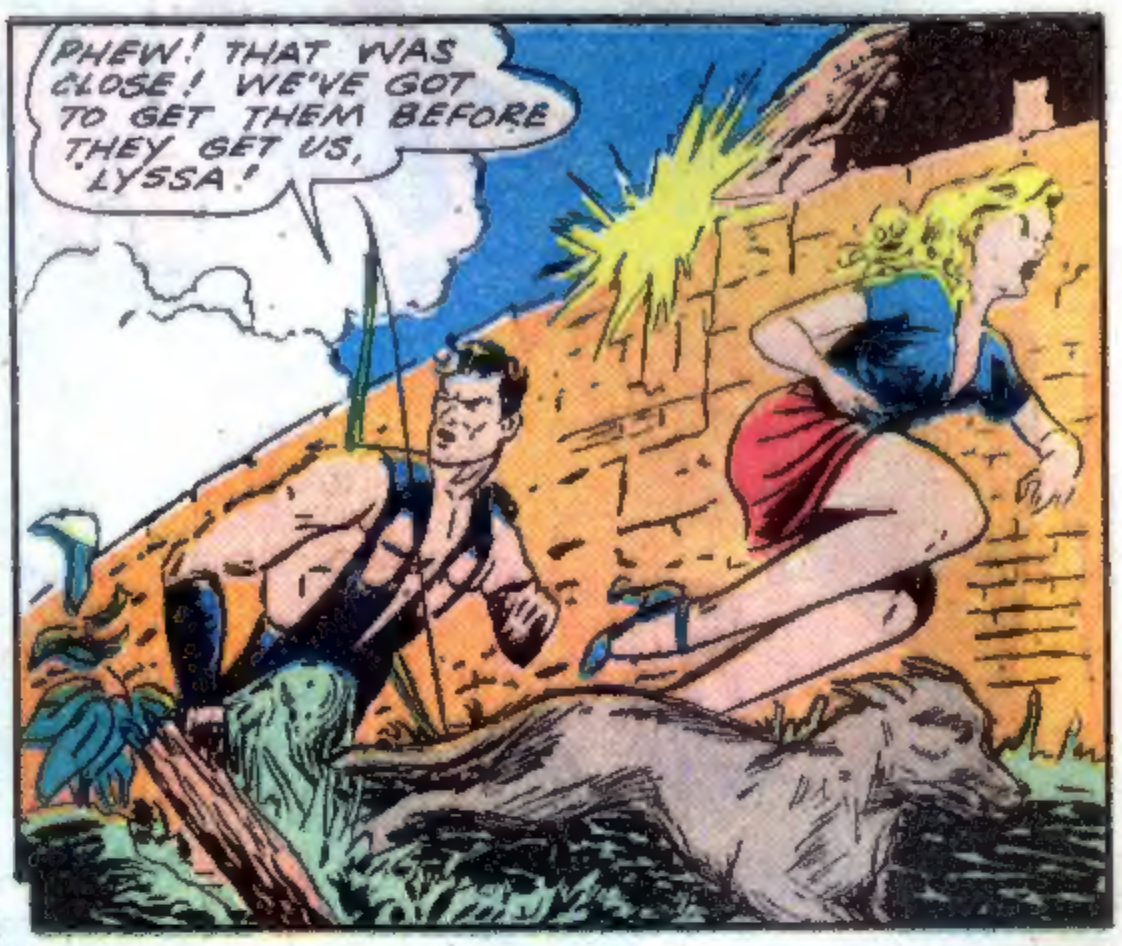
THE LOST WORLD

BY THORNECLIFFE HERRICK

HUNT BOWMAN AND LYSSA, SURVIVORS OF AN EARTH SHATTERED BY VICIOUS MONSTERS FROM THE PLANET VOLTA, PIT THEIR COURAGE AND WITS AGAINST NEW NIGHTMARE HORRORS...

ACROSS THE FACE OF DEVASTATED FRANCE, RACE HUNT, LYSSA AND LOBO.. A PATROL OF THE DEPRAVED MEN OF VOLTA SLAVERS IS AT THEIR HEELS!

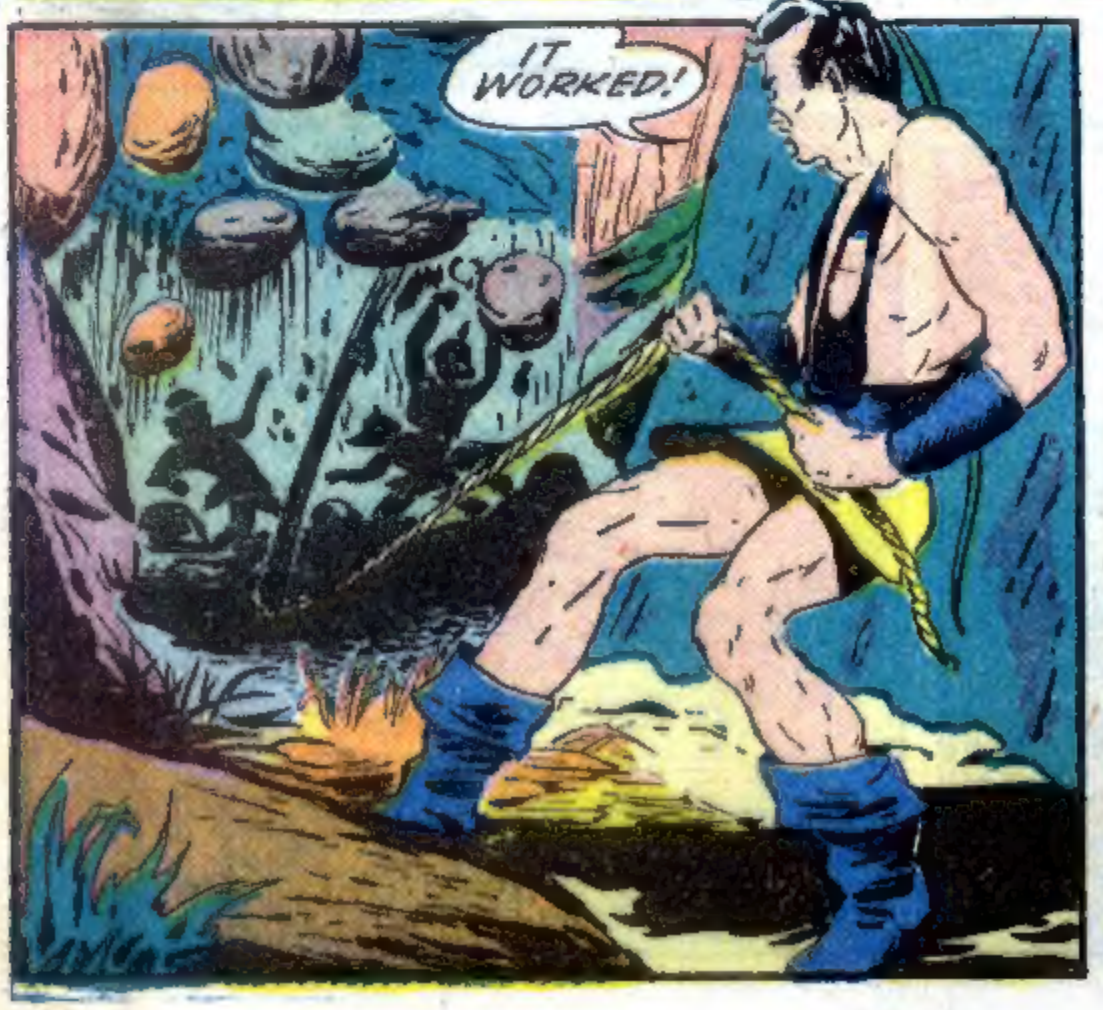
THERE THEY GO. BLAST THEM!


PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM BEFORE THEY GET US, LYSSA!

WE HAVE THEM!
WHICH WAY DID THEY TURN?

SEE! THEY THINK TO HIDE FROM US! THEY ARE VERY STUPID!

BUT VOLTA MINDS ARE NOT ATTUNED TO SUCH SIMPLE SAVAGE TRICKS AS A COMMON TRAP!


IT WORKED!

SAFE FOR THE MOMENT! NOW WHAT, HUNT?
WE MUST FIND OUR WAY TO THE COAST, LYSSA. WE HAVE A MIGHTY SEA TO CROSS!

BUT SOON..
THE SEA! WONDER IF THERE ARE ANY BOATS LEFT DOWN THERE..

YES, THIS IS THE OCEAN WE WERE CROSSING WHEN WE WRECKED THE VOLTA SHIP!
IT'S TOO BIG FOR US TO CROSS!

MAYBE NOT.. IF I CAN GET THIS..DARNED BOAT.. AFLOAT!

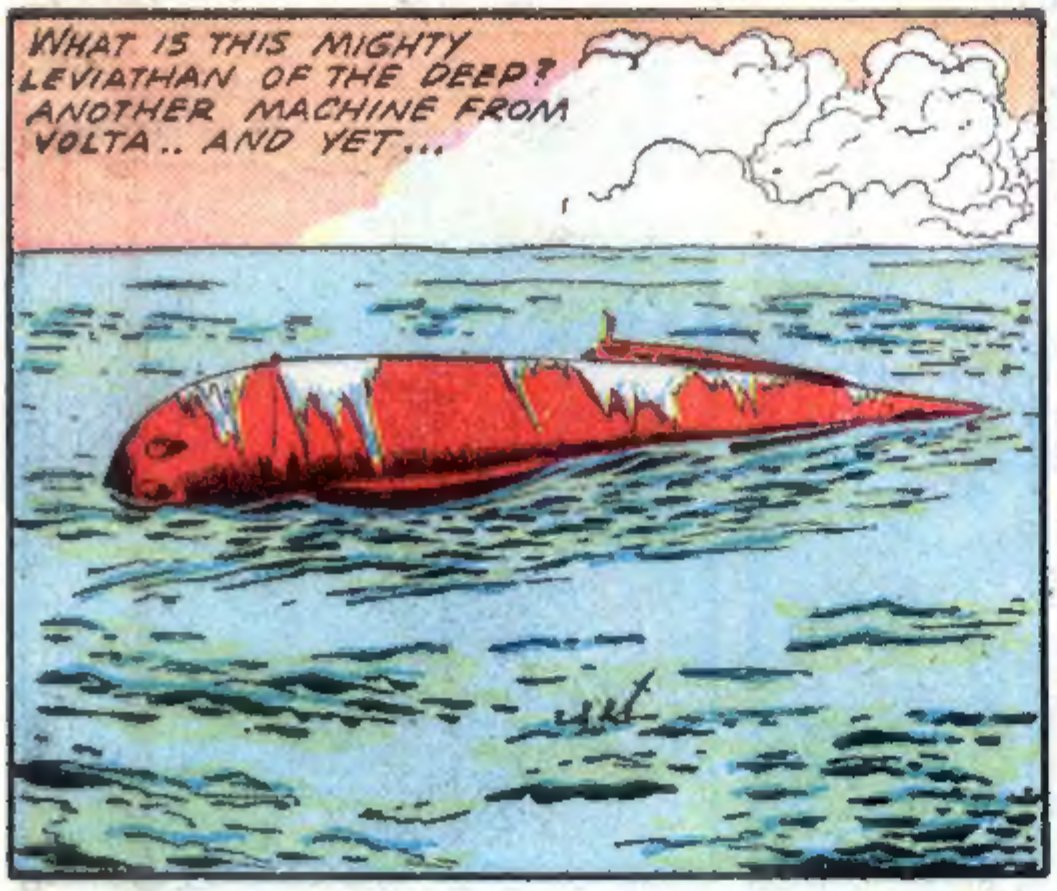
SPRUNG SEAMS.. TATTERED SAILS.. NO MATTER.. UNDAUNTED, THEY SAIL FORTH..

THERE GOES THE SAIL! IT'S TOO OLD AND ROTTED!

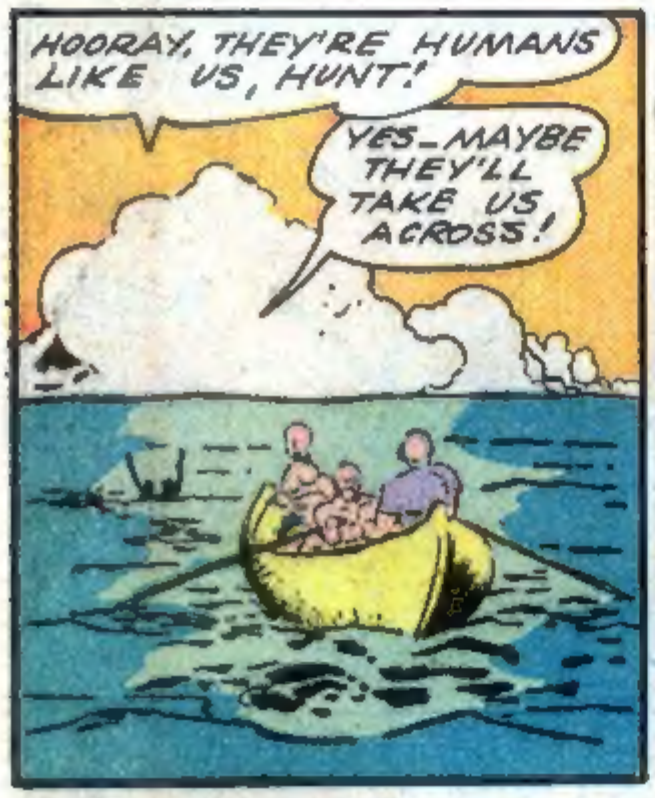
HUNT! THE WATER'S JUST POURING IN!

THIS DRATTED SHIP IS FALLING APART!
BUT HUNT.. WE'RE SINKING!

..AND THEN..

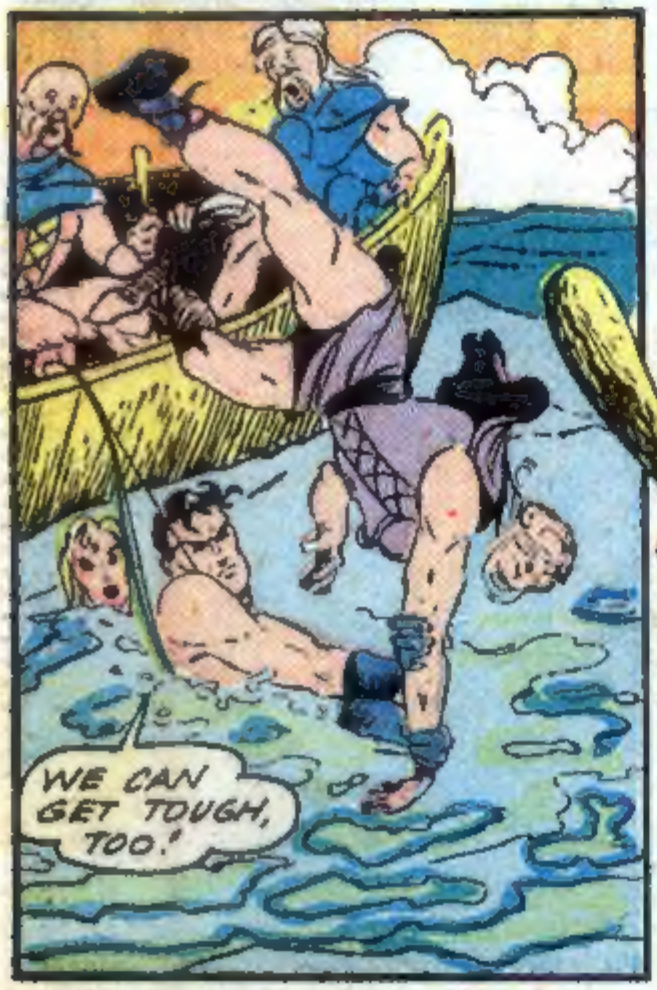

WHAT IS THIS MIGHTY LEVIATHAN OF THE DEEP? ANOTHER MACHINE FROM VOLTA.. AND YET...

..IT IS NOT LIKE THE VOLTAMEN TO RESCUE PEOPLE!
HURRY! WE ARE HUNGRY!


HOORAY, THEY'RE HUMANS LIKE US, HUNT!
YES-MAYBE THEY'LL TAKE US ACROSS!

BUT..
I'LL TAKE THE DOG FIRST!

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING! YOU CAN'T TREAT US LIKE THIS!
CAN'T I?


WE CAN GET TOUGH, TOO!

BUT, WHILE HUNT STRUGGLES WITH ONE..

..IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE UNCONSCIOUS CARGO IS HEADED BACK TO THE MIGHTY SUBMARINE..

DAZED, BUT RECOVERING, HUNT AND LYSSA FIND THEMSELVES CAPTIVES OF A STRANGE GROUP!

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE? WHY DO THEY ATTACK US?

COME! OUR LEADER WANTS TO SEE YOU!

AS THEY ARE LED FORWARD..

ESCAPE HATCH

ESCAPE HATCH? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

HMM! FINE SPECIMENS, BOTH OF YOU.. WE'VE HAD NO MEAT FOR MANY DAYS.. ONLY FISH!

MEAT?! HUNT! NOT.. NOT US!

HO, SO IT'S FRESH MEAT YOU WANT? I CAN GET YOU MEAT MANY TIMES OUR WEIGHT WITH MY BOW.. LET ME SHOW YOU!

SUSPICIOUSLY, THE SUBMARINE LEADER AND HIS TRIBE FOLLOW HUNT UP ON DECK..

WITH THIS PAIL OF OFFAL TO ATTRACT THE BIRDS..

I'LL SOON KNOCK DOWN ENOUGH FOR A MIGHTY FEAST!

HUNT'S BOWSTRING TWANGS STEADILY.. BIRDS TUMBLE DOWN OUT OF THE SKY.

GREAT WORK, LANDSMAN. YOU HAVE SAVED OUR LIVES!

OUR LIVES, TOO!

SUDDENLY..

HUNT! WHAT'S THAT THING UP THERE?

'TIS OUR TERRIBLE ENEMY, THE MONSTERS FROM THE SKY! BELOW, EVERYBODY!

LOOKOUT SPEAKING.. OLD UNDERSEA SHIP BENEATH US.. EVEN NOW DIVING!

FRANTICALLY, THE SUBMARINE CRASH-DIVES!

..AND THE VOLTA VULTURES SWOOP!

AIM WITH CARE, STIG!

A NEAR MISS!..

..BUT WHAT IS THIS? THE VOLTA SHIP ALSO PLUNGES

—AND THE SUB SEEMS SAFE!

WE'RE SAFE NOW. THEY CAN'T FOLLOW US UNDER WATER..

CAPTAIN, SIR, SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED! THE VOLTA SPACESHIP SEEMS TO BE PURSUING US!

ALL RUSH TO.. SEE.. INCREDIBLE BUT TRUE!

FULL SPEED AHEAD! IF THEY GET CLOSE ENOUGH, IT'LL BE THE END OF US!

THE ONLY COURSE IS—UP! NO MATTER HOW I TURN!

UNWITTINGLY THE SUBMARINE ENTERS A SUNKEN VALLEY!

STEADILY, RUTHLESSLY, THE VOLTA SHIP OVERHAULS THE CORNERED SUB.. TRIES A RAY SHOT, BUT WATER SMOTHERS THE FIERCE BLAST..

ONLY ONE THING TO DO..TURN AND GIVE BATTLE! PORT RUDDER! PREPARE TORPEDO TUBES!

HUNT, FROM THE BRIDGE, SEES ONCE AGAIN THE RELENTLESS ENEMIES OF MANKIND!

HMM..THEY'RE NOT USED TO US STANDING AND FIGHTING!

FURIOUSLY THE CHIEF STABS A BUTTON..

AND TWENTY FEET OF DEATH BULLS THROUGH THE DUSKY WATERS..

A HIT!

..BUT AT THAT INSTANT THE ENEMY ALSO FIRES!

A RAY HIT THE BOW! WATER IS RUSHING IN!

STEADY, LYSSA.. KEEP COOL!

INSTINCTIVELY HUNT AND LYSSA STRUGGLE TOWARD THE SUB'S HIGHER END.

COURAGE.. WE'LL GET OUT.'

HUNT, THAT SIGN.. ..ESCAPE.'

BUT.. WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?

DON'T SEE ANYBODY ELSE WE CAN SAVE. ..WE'VE GOT TO HURRY!

FRANTICALLY THEY SLAM THE INNER HATCH SHUT...

..A WHIRR.. A CLANG.. AND SUDDENLY THE FLOOR PRESSES AGAINST THEIR FEET!

AND THEN.. A STRANGE WEIGHTLESSNESS.. FOLLOWED BY HISSING.. AND A THIN NEEDLE OF DAYLIGHT THROUGH A THIN PORTHOLE..

LYSSA! COME SEE.. ANOTHER GREAT CITY!

SUDDENLY A CROAKING VOICE RINGS OUT —

AT LAST WE HAVE YOU, EARTHMAN!

YOU ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES TO SURVIVE! BUT YOU SURVIVE.. ONLY TO DIE!

AND THEN.. GLOATING GRIMACES CHANGE TO PUZZLEMENT!

VOLTA! OUR WEAPONS FAIL US!

THEY ARE FILLED WITH WATER!

WATER-LOGGED. HEY?.. TOO BAD..

I'LL TAKE ON FOUR OF YOU ANY DAY.. WITHOUT GUNS!

ONE DOWN!

YOU'RE NEXT!

BUT WITH LYSSA, IT'S A DIFFERENT STORY, AND THEN LOBO LEAPS!

WITH THESE THREE, THE ODDS WERE AGAINST THE VOLTA BEASTS!

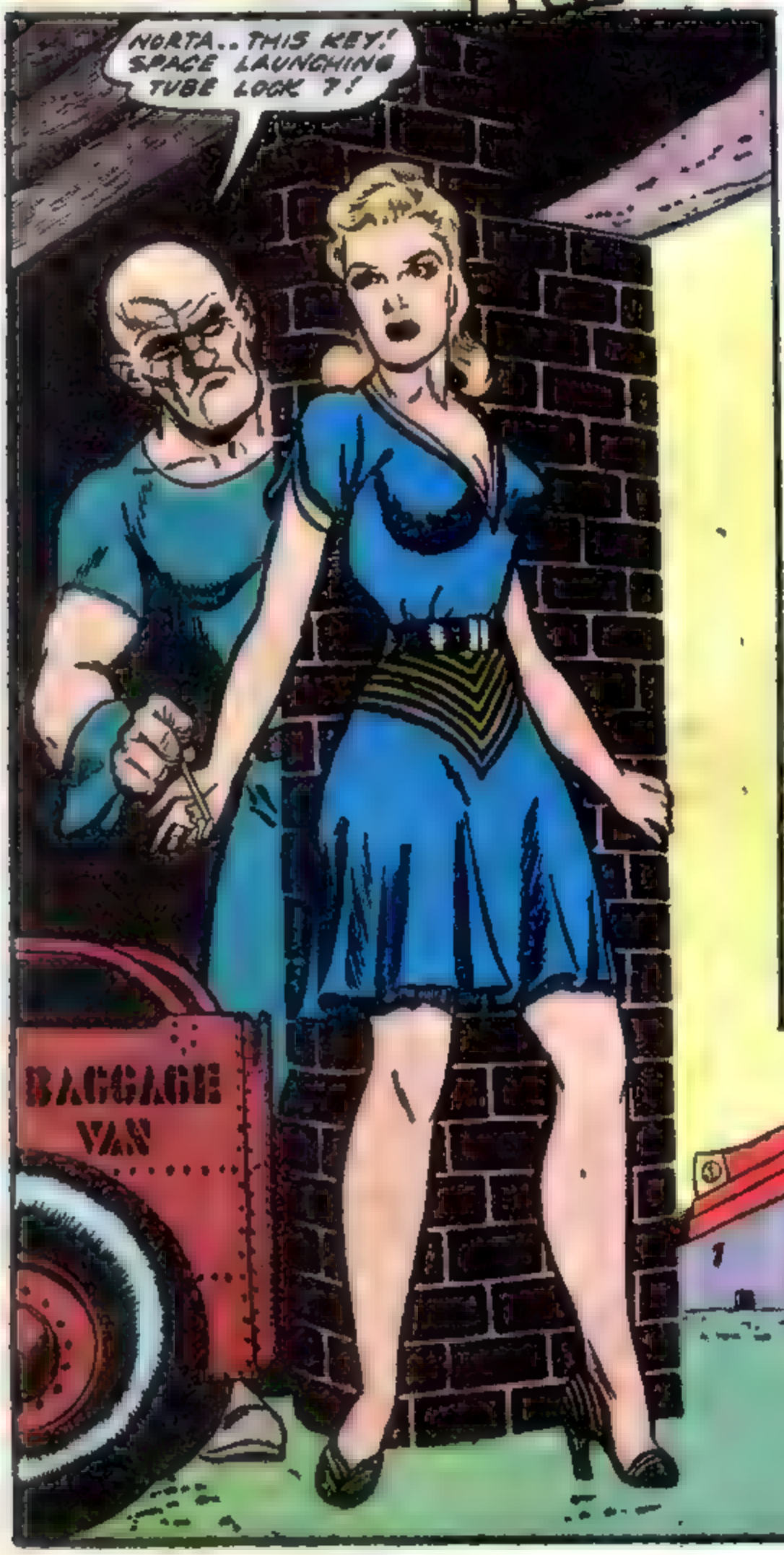
THERE NOW WE'RE SURE THEY'RE DEAD!

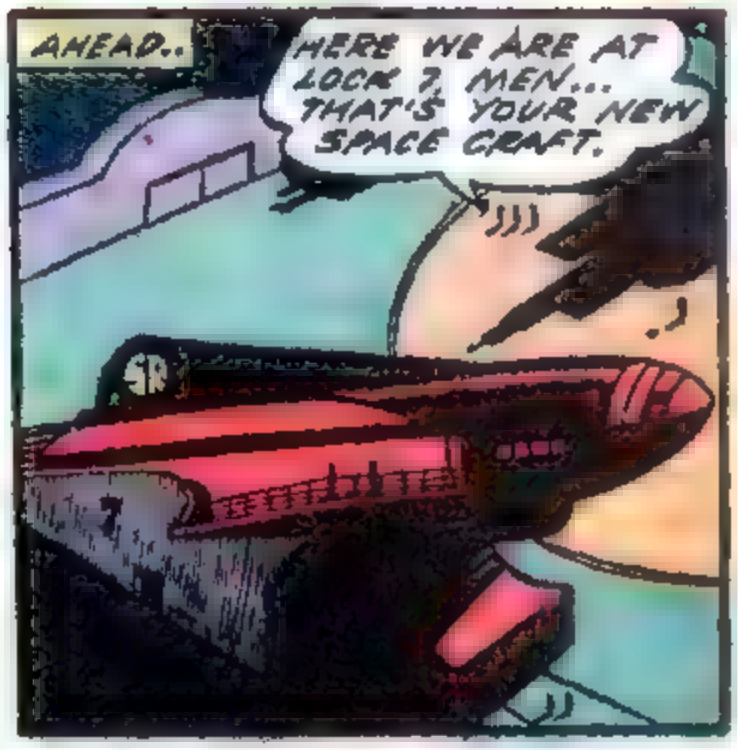
..THE NASTY THINGS!

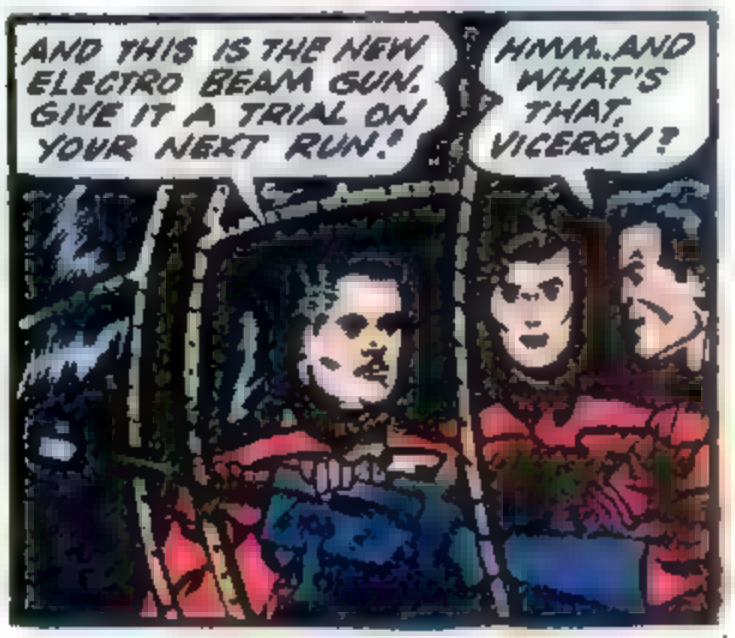
AND SO THEY ENTER THE GREAT WRECK OF LONDON... UNAFRAID OF THE NEW TERRORS THEY MEET IN THE NEXT.. PLANET COMICS!

SPACE RANGERS

by HUGH FITZHUGH







MUCH LATER..

WHEW! WHAT PICKUP ON THIS BABY, FLINT. WE'RE HITTING 32 MEGS AND NOT A QUIVER!

AND THE THROTTLE'S ONLY HALF OPEN, REEF.

HOW'S ABOUT A CHECKUP?

RIGHTO, FLINT OLD BOY. I'LL FLICK ON THE PHOTOBEAM DETECTOR.

UNBROKEN.. NO! BROKEN BEAM AT POINT 5!

SOMETHING'S BLOCKING THE LIGHT PATH. GRAB YOUR RAY GUN AND GIVE A LOOK-SEE!

C'MON OUT, CHUM, WITH YOUR HANDS REACHING FOR SPACE.. YOU'RE COVERED!

D-DON'T SHOOT!

CRIMINY CRIPES! A GIRL!

HEY, WHAT GIVES? TALK FAST, GIRLIE..

I BRIBED A GUARD TO LET ME IN.. BUT, PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T SEND ME BACK! THESE SPACE PIRATES—THEY KILLED MY BROTHER.. I'M GOING TO GET REVENGE!

IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK NOW, SISTER.. YOU CAN TAG ALONG, BUT STAY OUT OF OUR WAY!

HOLD IT, SOMETHING COMING OVER THE RADIO!

THIS IS GETTOR. IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES, STOP YOUR CRAFT AND ABANDON IT IMMEDIATELY. DEATH IF YOU REFUSE!

W-WHAT KIND OF MADMAN HAVE WE PICKED UP?

SUDDENLY..

L-LOOK! AM I SEEING THINGS? A-A HEAD SUSPENDED IN SPACE! BUT WHOEVER GETTOR IS; HE'S DUE FOR A RAY GUN SPRAY RIGHT NOW!

NO GO, IT DISAPPEARED.. VANISHED! OH..OH.. LISTEN, SAME VOICE OVER OUR RADIO AGAIN!

VERY WELL, SPACE RANGERS. THE METAL LEECHES WILL BE LAUNCHED!

TH-THOSE THINGS JUST SUDDENLY APPEARED! FULL POWER... OUT OF THEIR [illegible]TH!

BUT..

CAN'T ESCAPE! THEY'LL HIT US!

THEY'RE CLAMPING TO TH' HULL LIKE LEECHES! CAN'T SHAKE 'EM LOOSE!

..EATING RIGHT THROUGH THE METAL HULL.'

FLINT! M-MY HEAD..BEGINNING TO SPIN! GAS FROM THOSE CONTRAPTIONS!

LOOK, THAT SAME HEAD AGAIN SUSPENDED IN SPACE! I'M TAKING A POT SHOT!

I'LL LAUNCH THE EMERGENCY SPACE RAFT BEFORE WE ALL PASS OUT! DON'T FORGET THE GUN!

WHO..OOPS! HEAD DISAPPEARED, AND THAT JAGGED HOLE POPPED UP IN THE VOID!

SUDDENLY..

WHAT'S WRONG? THIS RAFT'S PULSATING LIKE A YO-YO!

FULL POWER'S ON, BUT WE'RE IN SOME TYPE OF MAGNETIC CURRENT!

HOLD ON! WE'RE BEING SUCKED TOWARD THAT HOLE.. WE'LL CRASH!

AS THEY ARE DRAWN CLOSER..

REEF, WHAT IS THAT? SOME SHAPES BEGINNING TO FORM AROUND THAT HOLE!

W-WHY, IT'S A SPACE SHIP.. AN INVISIBLE SPACE SHIP! WE'RE BEING SUCKED INTO THE HOLD!

INSIDE..

THE HEAD!

GREETINGS! AS SOON AS YOU'VE BEEN DISARMED, I'LL INTRODUCE MYSELF.. OHH.. FORGIVE THE INVISIBLE SUIT I'M WEARING.. FORGOT TO PUT ON THE HEAD-PIECE, YOU KNOW.. COME TO MY OFFICE.

MY HAND, SIR. I'M GETTOR, SPACE PIRATE, EXTRA-ORDINARY. AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY INVISIBLE SHIP.. AND SUIT?

FANTASTIC! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

FANTASTIC PERHAPS, BUT SUCCESSFUL.. MR. BAKER. YOU'VE REMOVED A NEEDED PART FROM YOUR EXCELLENT GUN. HAND IT OVER!

COME NOW, BAKER. QUICKLY! I'VE VARIOUS METHODS OF PERSUASION. PERHAPS THE GIRL...

OKAY, OKAY, BUD, GUESS YOU GOT ME! HERE!

SMASHED! VERY CLEVER, TOO BAD I MUST PREPARE TO ATTACK THE SPACE LINER DUE ALONG THIS LANE IN TWENTY MINUTES.

BUT THIS IS A SMALL SAMPLE! DON'T WORRY. YOU'LL BE TORTURED INTO MAKING A NEW PART LATER!

NOW I'LL PUT ON MY HOOD AND LEAVE YOU..

GOTTA CHANCE IT WHILE I STILL KNOW WHERE HE IS.. HERE GOES!

WHOOPS! CAN'T SEE HIM, BUT I CONNECTED!

OOF!

NICE STUFF, MEF! NOW GIMME HIS INVISIBLE SUIT. GOTTA WORK FAST.. HIS MEN OUTSIDE ARE PLANNING TO ATTACK THE SPACE LINER!

HERE'S THE HOOD!

SAY-Y! THIS SUIT'S JUST THE THING FOR LADIES NIGHT IN A TURKISH BATH! HERE, REEF, PUT THIS BACK IN THE GUN.

WHAT! SO YOU DIDN'T DESTROY THAT PART!

WHILE, IN THE MAIN SECTION, GETTOR'S HENCHMEN MAN THE RAY DETONATOR GUNS LINING THE SHIP'S HULL...

L..LOOK, COMING UP THE CATWALK! A.. A GUN FLOATING IN SPACE!

S! SOMETHING'S QUEER HERE.. I'M.. WATCH OUT!

SUDDENLY, OVER THE ANNUNCIATOR...

HEY, THAT'S NOT GETTOR'S VOICE!

CEASE PREPARATIONS. PLANS CANCELLED.. LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPONS!

WHAMMO.. THIS SUIT'S THE BERRIES.. GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!

THAT'S ONE GUN OUTA COMMISSION.. THIS'LL BE A CINCH!

BUT..

THEY'VE GOT MY SUIT.. MY SHIP.. BUT THEY'LL NEVER GET ME! THAT LEVER WILL BLOW US UP... IT'S THE BEST WAY!

WHILE..

WHAT! THAT RAY JUST HIT ME.. BUT NOTHING HAPPENED! THIS SUIT'S NOT ONLY INVISIBLE BUT RAY PROOF!

W-WE CAN'T FIGHT A WALKING GUN! STOP.. WE SURRENDER!

SMART BOYS. LAY THOSE PISTOLS DOWN, CHUMS.

ABOVE, ON THE CATWALK..

REEF! LOOK BELOW... GETTOR'S TRYING TO REACH THAT LEVER!

IF I MISS...

I DIDN'T!

LATER, AS THE SPACE LINER HISSES ALONG THE AIR LANE...

COMMANDER...LOOK! S. SITTING IN SPACE. IT LOOKS LIKE A SPACE RANGER, A GIRL... AND A HEAD!

THAT LINER CAN'T TELL WE'RE SITTING ON THIS INVISIBLE SHIP.. I'LL RADIO 'EM WITH MY WRIST RADIO.

YEH, THEN GIMME A HAND.. I GOT THE HOOD OFF, BUT THE REST OF THE SUIT'S STUCK!

Space Rangers appears exclusively in Ranger Comics

NORGE BENSON

By OLAF BJORN

IN A STRANGE FOGGY HAZE OF AN EVEN STRANGER NETHERLAND WORLD, A FANTASTIC COUNCIL HOLDS SESSION.. THE PARTICIPANTS ARE MAMMOTHS.. EXTINCT ON OUR PLANET FOR AEONS OF TIME..

?

SUDDENLY.. ATTACK!.. BY VICIOUS SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS, THE DEADLIEST CATS OF ALL TIME, AND THE MAMMOTHS' WORST ENEMY!

MEANWHILE, NORGE, JOLIE AND FROSTING HUNT QUAIL ON PLUTO'S BLEAK OUTER MOOR

HURRY, NORGE! THE WIND IS FREEZING ME!

FROSTING! GET AWAY FROM THAT TARGET OR I'LL SHOOT YOU!

THEN THE WIND BECOMES A CYCLONE, SUCKING UP ALL LIFE AS IT SPIRALS INTO SPACE!

THE THREE QUAIL HUNTERS CAUGHT IN A TIME WARP, ARE BLOWN FROM PLUTO-PRESENT TO PLUTO-PAST..

BACK-BACK THROUGH TIME UNTIL THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN MAMMOTH-LAND!

NORGE! WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS?

I THINK THEY'RE MAMMOTHS! BUT HOW COULD THEY BE.. THEY'VE BEEN EXTINCT FOR A MILLION YEARS!

THESE DON'T LOOK SO EXS-STINCT TO ME! OOOH!

LOOK AT THAT DARLING LITTLE MAMMOTH HE'S INJURED!

LITTLE?! THE ONLY WORD FOR MAMMOTH IS MAMMOTH!

SYMPATHETICALLY JOLIE SOOTHES THE "SMALL ONES" WOUNDS. (HE'S ONLY A TON AND A HALF!)

SEE, NORGE, HOW TAME THEY ARE IN SPITE OF THEIR SIZE!

YES, BUT LOOK WHAT'S COMING!

THIS TIME THE SABER-TOOTHS ARE MANY IN NUMBER, FOR THE NEW HUMAN SCENT HAS ATTRACTED THEM..

WHY DON'T THESE BIG THINGS FIGHT BACK? THEY'RE AS TIMID AS JELLYFISH!

ALL BRAWN, JOLIE.. NO BRAINS!

AS THEY POUR INTO THE MAMMOTH'S VALLEY, THE GREAT CREATURES SCATTER IN FRIGHT..

MY GOODNESS! WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS!

SUDDENLY A GIANT CAT'S PAW SNATCHES FROSTING OUT OF THE SAFE CIRCLE..

EEYOW! H-HELP!

FROSTING! OH-I CAN'T GET PAST THESE ANIMALS TO SAVE HIM!

FROSTING'S CAPTOR, LEADER OF THE PACK, STOPS WITH HIS SQUEALING BUNDLE LONG ENOUGH TO SNARL AN ORDER TO HIS FELLOWS.

AND AS ONE BEAST, THE SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS ABANDON THEIR ATTACK TO FOLLOW..

I'LL TRY TO GRAB FROSTING NOW!

THE TIGERS SNARL AT THE IMPUDENCE OF HIS ATTACK, AND ONE HUGE SHE-CAT GRABS NORGE..

STAY BACK.. JOLIE ..OR THEY'LL GET YOU.. TOO!

OH NO! I'VE GOT TO SAVE YOU!

BUT HOW?.. IF ONLY THESE BIG DIM-WITTED MAMMOTHS COULD HELP! OH! THE WOUNDED CALF IS WALKING TO ME! D'YOU S'POSE HE UNDERSTANDS!?

WHY, HE'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING! I DO BELIEVE THIS ONE IS THE SMARTEST OF THE HERD!

UPSA-DAISY!

GO ALONG, DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! LEAD ME TO THE TIGER DEN!

THE MAMMOTH HERD FOLLOWS UNTIL IT LOOKS LIKE A PROCESSION OF CIRCUS ELEPHANTS..

OH! THE TIGERS FIGHT OVER THEIR PREY!

NORGE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SH-H.. I'M TRYING TO GET AWAY WHILE THEY DON'T NOTICE US!

QUIETLY JOLIE SLIPS OFF HER MOUNT, DARTS PAST THE TIGER ARENA TO NORGE...

THIS IS THE IDEA.. I COULDN'T GET TO MY RAY GUN WHILE THE TIGERS HAD ME.. BUT I NOTICED A WAY BACK..

I HOPE IT WORKS, NORGE. IF NOT WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE

CAUTIOUSLY JOLIE SKIRTS THE STRANGE CONGREGATION, GOING PAST GLISTENING BLACK BOULDERS.. THEN SHE FOCUSSES THE RAY ON A SHINY PATCH OF DIRT..

..AND THE EARTH AROUND THE SPOT GLOWS ORANGE.

NORGE, YOU'RE RIGHT! THIS WHOLE PLACE IS SOLID COAL!

PANICKED BY NOW LEAPING FLAMES, THE MAMMOTHS FORGET TIMIDITY TO STAMPEDE THROUGH THE TIGER PACK..

SOON ALL THE CREATURES DISAPPEAR INTO THE DIMNESS OF INNER PLUTO-PAST..

NUH? OF ALL THINGS...

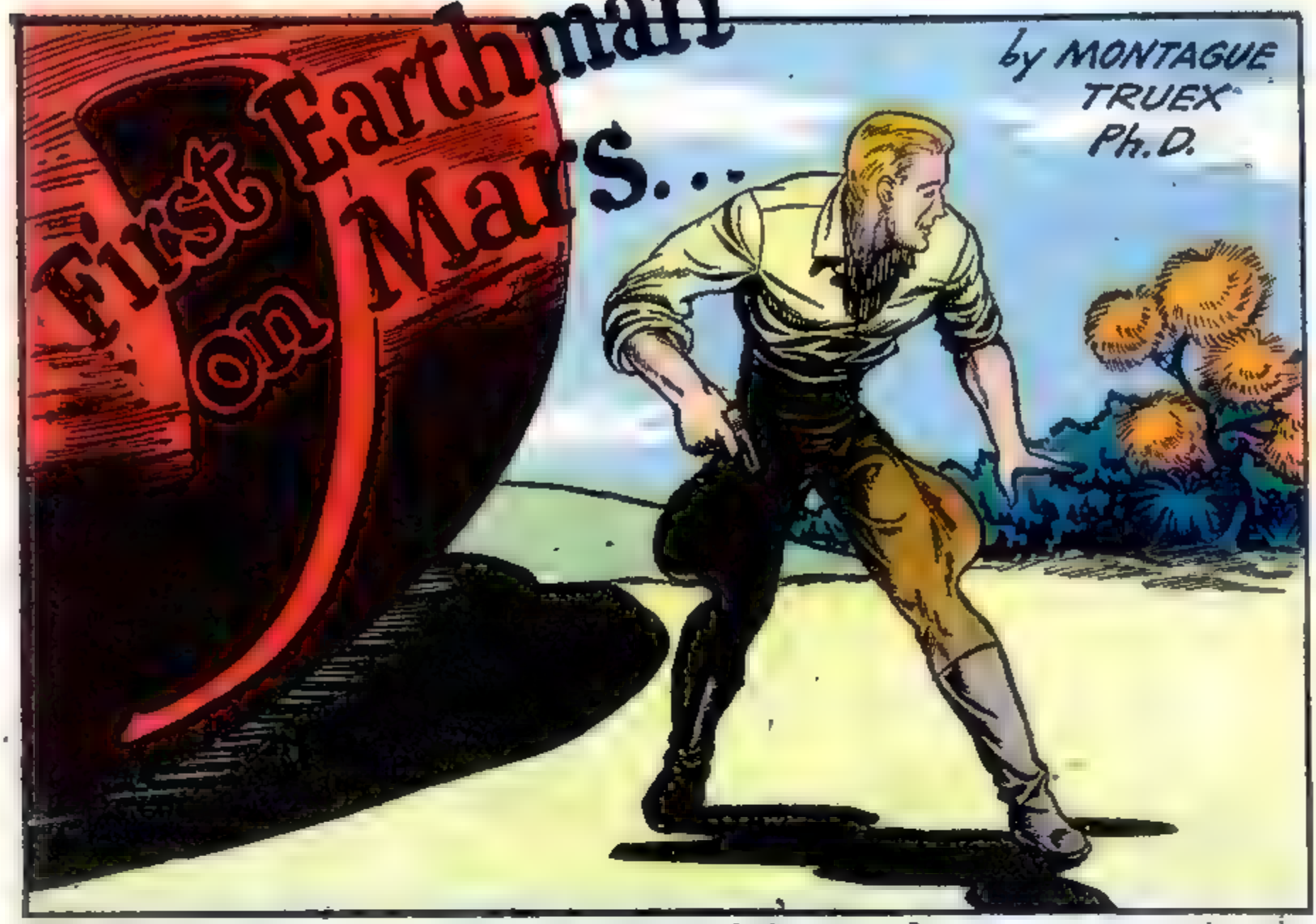
SUDDENLY THE CYCLONIC WIND BLOWS AGAIN..

WE'RE BLOWING HOME! SA-AY, I'LL BET THOSE TIGERS WON'T BE SO BOSSY. NOW THEY KNOW THE MAMMOTHS ARE SMART ENOUGH TO TRAMPLE 'EM DOWN!

DO YOU THINK THE FOLKS AT HOME WILL BELIEVE WE BEAT TIME BACK A MILLION YEARS?

WHADDO WE CARE? HEY! LOOK WHAT'S FOLLERIN' US!

AND WE CAN BET MURPHY THE MAMMOTH FOLLOWS RIGHT INTO THE NEXT ISSUE OF... PLANET COMICS!



DOCTOR Sven Jorgennson sent the message to the world in June, 1943. He spread the rocket fuel over a great area of reddish sand, spreading it thinly, for he could not have had much left after his flight through the trackless void, and then set it aflame by using a long fuse.

He set it just as he had promised he would on that dreary morning in March of Nineteen Hundred and Forty-three. He stood near the escarpment, dwarfed by the sleek cylinder at his back, and it in turn made small and insignificant by the mountain. He had made no speech, for only three men were before him, three men who perhaps held the destiny of the Solar System in their hands. He stood, and waved his gloved hand, then slipped into the round port at his back.

The block of super-steel and insulation swung silently to on hidden hinges, thudded gently into place. Then the rocket ship was just an inanimate length of glistening metal, and the three men were all alone on the rocky plateau.

They ran from the ship, sprang into the entrance of the cave which had been their secret home for more than two years. Safe, they turned and stared with the awed gaze of men who are seeing a miracle coming to completion.

There were no windows in the ship; and the vision slits were but tiny black scars near the bow. Others were in the metal skin, but closed now because of the flaming energy which soon would sear the man-made ship of destiny. There was no sound, other than the eerie call of a prowling wolf far away, and the cool wind bit deep into sweaty skins.

They could see the ship limned in the moonlight, could see the tiny planes of wings that would help guide its flight in the air of Earth, and they marvelled again at the direct simplicity of the streamlining that made the side rocket tubes and the rear tubes fit so perfectly without visible joints.

Redness came to the rear of the ship, came and splashed against the base of the mountain in a fountain of flame. Doctor Jorgennson was warming the tubes.

And almost before the minute was past, hell boiled from the tapered stern of the rocket ship. It roared in a hell of deadly energy and the echoes boomed and raced through craggy mountains. The watchers cringed from the raving torrent of power, covering their eyes against the blinding light.

And when they looked again, the ship was gone

It was gone from the slanting cradle that had been its bed for many months. It had fled on that roar of light and blasting flame, and now it rode the heavens high above. It was but a tiny streak of fire, darting through the air, going higher than man had ever gone, drilling its way toward the star-filled firmament above. It was gone, as it had planned to go, and only the three who had been its creators were left to carry their story to the world.

It was completely gone, even its trail sucked out of sight in the blackness of the night, and behind it the men began their weary journey back to the cares

of a war-torn world, to people whose thoughts were with themselves and not with the pioneer who was the first to fly from Earth in a rocket ship.

Doctor Sven Jorgennson was gone, fleeing ever faster from the whirling blue planet that had given him birth. He was riding the fulfillment of a dream born long before in his imagination.

We do not know what actually happened out in space or on Mars, the bloody planet. But we do know what was expected, and we can perhaps paint a word picture of what took place.

* * *

Doctor Jorgennson came to, peered blearily about the steel cabin that was to be his home for weeks. He was sick with an illness such as he had never felt before, and the fumes of the drug he had taken still swam through his brain.

He lay on the pneumatic cushion of his bunk, and slowly unfastened the straps which had held him tightly during the take-off. By rendering himself unconscious and placing himself in a spring-supported mattress of air, he had mitigated the pain and shock that would necessarily come from the rocking blast of hurtling seven miles per second to escape the gravity of Earth.

He sat and swung his feet over the edge of the bunk, and gasped in dismay. He had forgotten that gravity no longer gave a floor and ceiling to his ship—he was floating grotesquely through the air.

Then he laughed, and caught at one of the hand lines he had strung in all directions hours before. He drew himself erect, and found that he was upside down in relation to the instrument panel. Pulling with his hands, he turned himself about in mid-air, until the control board was right side up in relation to his body.

Pulling himself to the floor, he examined the instruments, nodded gleefully when he saw that all were working as he had expected. Turning, he pulled himself to the vision slit, adjusted the retractable telescope so that he could peer backward at Earth.

And as he looked, awe came to him. He was the *first* of all men to travel in space. Behind him, swimming in the blackness of the cold void, was blue Earth, the continents still distinct.

He was ill then, cramped with vertigo brought on by his weightlessness. Minutes later, he pulled himself from his bunk, feeling better.

He checked his instruments, making certain that the hum of driving rockets would continue, then made a brief circuit of the ship, making certain that the initial velocity had injured nothing. Satisfied, he came back to the main cabin, took food from the locker.

Lifting a can of water, he punctured the lid, then tried to pour a glassful. Nothing happened. Frowning, he shook the can, gaped, as a splash of water came out, forming instantly into a ball of crystal clearness that floated unsuspended in the air. He smiled, watching it float, then reached out and touched it. Surface tension broke, and the water literally flowed over his hand and up his wrist.

He wiped the water away, then drank by sucking liquid

through one of the holes in the can. He ate then, amusing himself by leaving the food lying in the air until he was ready for it. Later, he was ill, his body still unused to the lack of gravity.

And so the days passed, interminably, his only duties the watching of the instruments, and the recording of his journal. The rockets drummed steadily, comfortingly, and his thoughts were his only companions.

The dead moon of Earth was far behind, when he shed the outer shell of the rocket ship. Built in layers of metal and insulation, with the precious rocket fuel in between, each outer shell was discarded as its inner coating of fuel was exhausted.

He blew the outer shell apart along its invisible seams with a timed burst of specially-placed rocket bombs, then watched the pieces whirl about the ship for hours, drawn to it by certain gravitic stress. Later, the quarter-shells gradually fled back behind, and the rocket ship flashed on to its meeting with the red planet.

The days were monotonous, and he kept count of them only for his journal. Outside was only the eternal night of utter space, relieved by the unflickering white dots of stars billions of light years away. Inside, except when he slept, the lights glared endlessly.

He wrote many things in those passing days, thoughts and hopes and actual conditions. His journal would be a living monument to the others who would come later.

His ship shed another shell, and another, and then he was coasting on impetus alone, his rockets silent for the first time in days. He almost went insane then, for he had only his thoughts, and the droning roar of the rockets had ceased their friendly throbbing. But he was as steel-like as his ship, and he forced himself to do calisthenics and games and puzzles to occupy his time and mind.

He had a radio, but it did not work. There was only static, created by solar rays. After a time, he gave it no more heed.

He saw the red planet growing larger and larger in his telescope, and excitement began to race his blood again, for he was seeing details more closely than had any human. He made countless pictures and drawings, marveling over each new phase shown him, his heart beginning to ache with his longing to feel rich earth beneath his shoes again.

And then he was almost at the last stage of his journey. He reversed his rocket end for end with judicious use of the side rockets, placing it so that the stern rockets could be used to brake his fall.

He could sense the pull of gravitation for the first time in days, and the effect made him as ill as the first weightlessness had. And so the hours and days drifted by endlessly, and he came full into the gravitation of Mars.

The ship plunged like a meteor at the red planet, and he fixed salvoes of rocket blasts to halt the free fall. In speed, the ship came to a comparative standstill, then drifted into the atmosphere of Mars.

He could feel the friction of the air on the hull of the ship, and his hands were gentle and they caressed the firing studs on the panel before him. He held his eyes to the telescopic sights, fired the rockets in a continual blast, panic building in his mind as the ship hurtled toward the ground below.

One last flare of rockets that stalled the ship a hundred feet over the sandy ground, and then it crashed, never to fly again.

Yes, that was the plan. It was to be a one way trip for Doctor Jorgennson. Conditions made it impossible for the ship ever to return under its own power.

And so the ship crashed, and Jorgennson was bounced about like a bug in a cup. He was uninjured, though, and he made his tests of the air outside.

The air would maintain life, and so he stepped outside, carrying weapons now, just in the event that he met hostile beasts.

But he met no beasts. He stood on the gritty red sand of a great plain, and a few hundred yards away was the edge of rich green vegetation. He stared at the sky, and he gave his thanks, then turned and stared at the creatures which came running over the sands.

They were manlike in build, but they weren't men. To Jorgennson they weren't even human. For a moment, he lifted his gun. Then he lowered it, and stood waiting.

"Hello!" he called.

And at the sound of his voice, the creatures went prostrate before him. He had come from the sky, had come from the blackness of space in a great glittering egg. He was a God, and was to be worshiped.

And so Doctor Sven Jorgennson had finished his flight. He was on Mars, and the world was his to explore. He had found intelligent beings, and they would make it possible for him to live. He had done what no other man had ever done—he had spanned space between two worlds.

Thus it was that a few days later, Doctor Jorgennson had the Martians take the last of the rocket fuel and scatter it over the greatest area possible. Thus it was that astronomers here on Earth saw the liquid flare of flame on the red planet and reported it as a phenomenon. So it is that three men know the true story of how the glistening space ship was built and a smiling blond Swedish scientist traveled to Mars.

Some day that story will be given to the world in every detail. Some day when Democracy has wiped out the intolerance and hate of this world, then other worlds will be explored. And when that day comes, when that pioneer rocket ship spans the star trails to Mars, maybe you can be the first to step from the ship and greet the white man who rushes to greet you. Maybe you can be another Stanley to another Livingston. Maybe you can say:

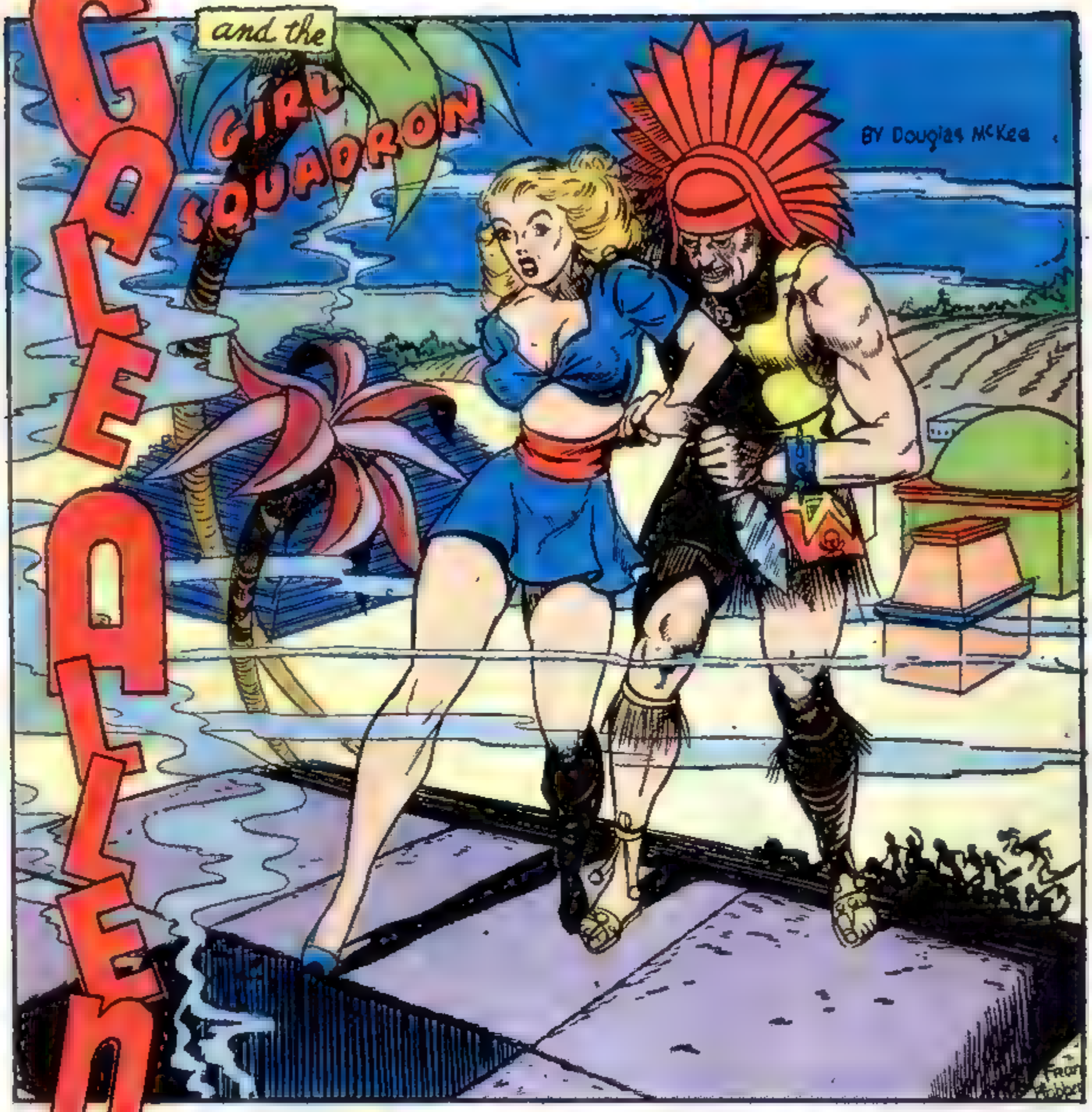
"Doctor Jorgennson, I presume!"

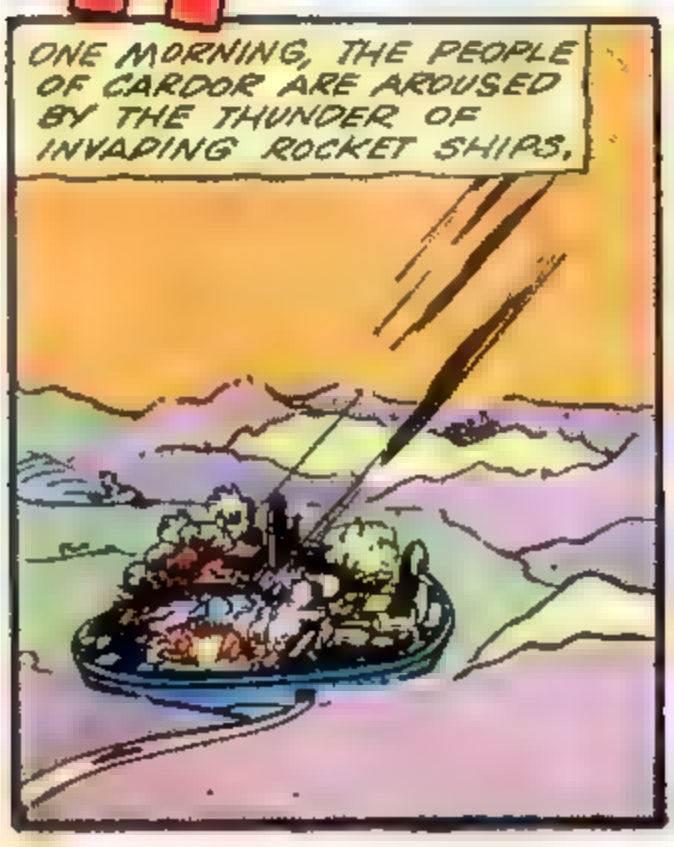
Maybe.

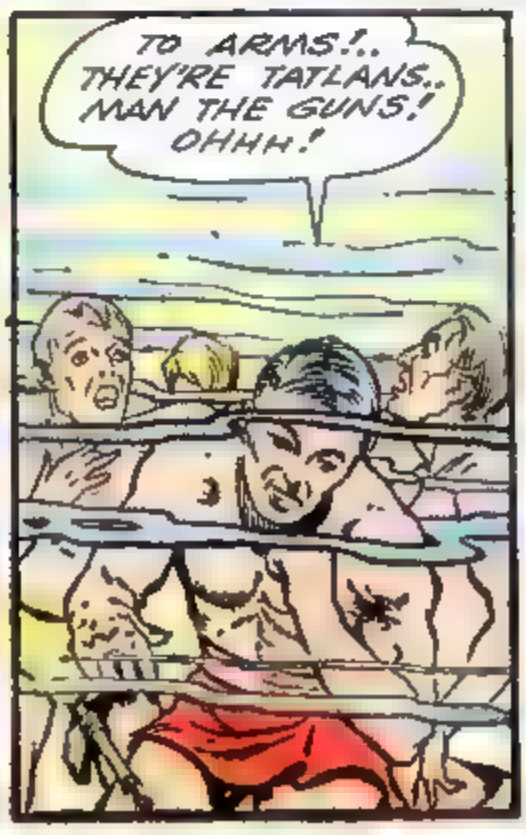
GET HELEN

and the GIRL SQUADRON

BY Douglas McKee







..BUT ON VENUS..

TELEVISION MESSAGE COMING IN FROM CARDOR.. THAT'S A QUEER MIST CREEPING TOWARD HIM..

TATLANIANS ATTACKING WITH GAS.. PEOPLE HAVE LOST THEIR MINDS.. GAS ENTERING THIS ROOM NOW.. OHHH!

THAT'S ALL I SAW, GENTLEMEN! WE MUST HELP!

TRUE, GALE. ASSEMBLE YOUR SQUADRON! I'LL HAVE AN ANTIDOTE SENT TO THE FIELD!

LATER..

TAKE STATIONS, GIRLS. THEY'RE LOADING THE SHIPS NOW!

I'LL STOW AWAY A CONTAINER OF THE ANTIDOTE IN THIS LOCKER. ONE CAN NEVER TELL WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN!

SOON, THE SHIP SKIMS INTO SPACE TOWARD TATLAN..

BUT ON AN UNSEEN SPACE-SHIP, NEARBY..

SO.. THE VENUSIANS ARE GOING TO TRY TO HELP THEIR FRIENDS!.. FIRE GAS ROCKET NUMBER ONE!

TATLANS ATTACKING! THEY'VE HIT OUR SUPPLY SHIP! GOT TO WARN THEM!

COMMANDER ALLEN TO SUPPLY SHIP.. THAT WAS A GAS ROCKET! TAKE INJECTIONS OF ANTIDOTE IMMEDIATELY!

THEY'RE SHELLING US!.. HURRY.. USE THE HYPOS I GAVE YOU.

COMMANDER TO FREIGHTER..LISTEN CAREFULLY..FIRST BEHAVE ERRATICALLY, THEN FOLLOW WHATEVER TATLAN INSTRUCTIONS COME OVER THE INTER-COM. WILL ADVISE NEXT STEP AS SOON AS WE LAND!

SOON, THE CONQUEROR SPEAKS..

YOU ARE NOW MY SLAVES.. FOLLOW US TO TATLAN! FULL SPEED AHEAD!

SPACE MILES LATER..

HAVE TO BE CAREFUL THEY DON'T GET WISE!

DRIVE THEM TO THE FIELDS AND PUT THEM TO WORK!

THEY HAVEN'T TAKEN OUR RAY GUNS. NO DOUBT THEY THINK NOW WE'RE UNDER THEIR CONTROL... AND OUR WEAPONS ARE UNIMPORTANT!

SOON.

HERE, SLAVE, INNOCULATE YOURSELF WITH THIS.. THAT'S RIGHT!

WHAT!.. WHERE AM I? WHAT AM I DOING? I BELONG ON CARDOR!

18140 9264

SHH.. YOU'VE BEEN DRUGGED.. KEEP UP THE PRETENSE...DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE GAS IS MADE?

YES, YES.. INSIDE THE PYRAMID!

IF I CAN DROP MY RAY GUN SHELLS DOWN THAT SHAFT, IT WOULD BLOW UP THE ENTIRE PLANT.

MY GIRLS HAVE ADMINISTERED THE ANTIDOTE TO THE OTHERS. NOW ARE WE READY?

SLOWLY, THE WORKERS EDGE TOWARD THE GUARDS..

SUDDENLY..

THE ATTACK HAS STARTED!.. I'LL DESTROY THE GAS CHAMBER.

ONCE I MAKE THE SIDE, THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO CATCH ME!

BUT FROM A TINY DOOR..

LOOK! ONE OF THE SLAVES.. AFTER HER!

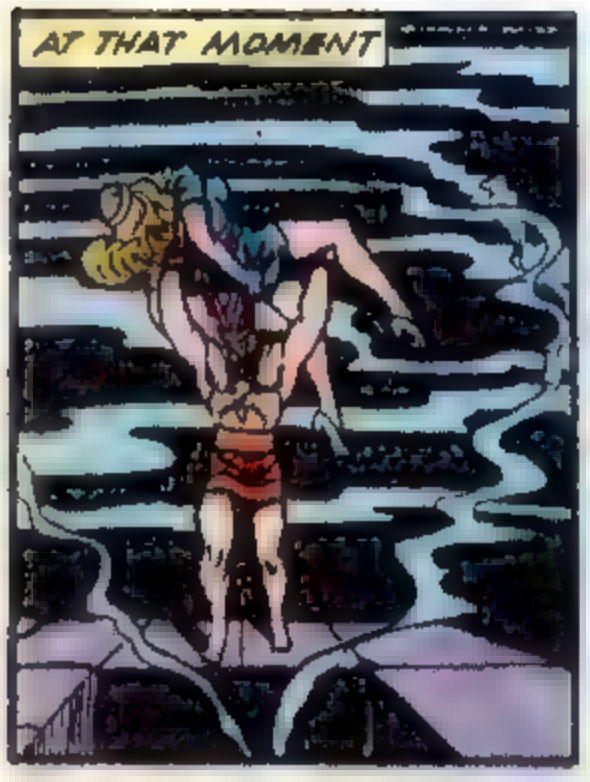
STEEP CLIMB! THEY'RE GAINING ON ME!

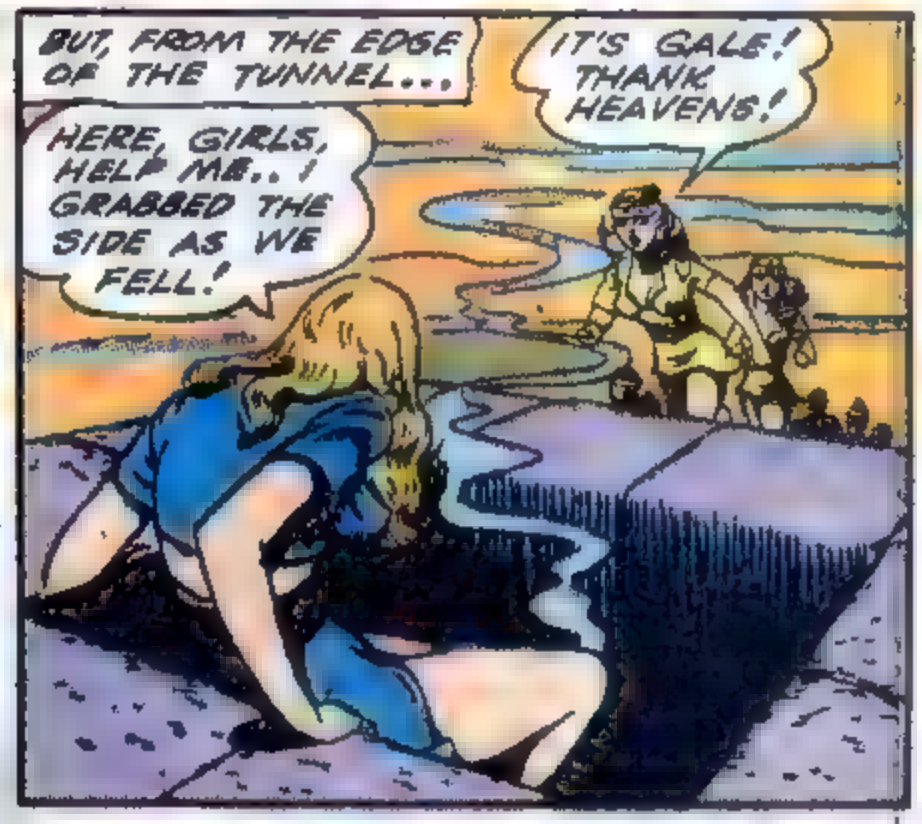
MADE IT! NOW TO TOSS IN THE RAY GUN CHARGE.

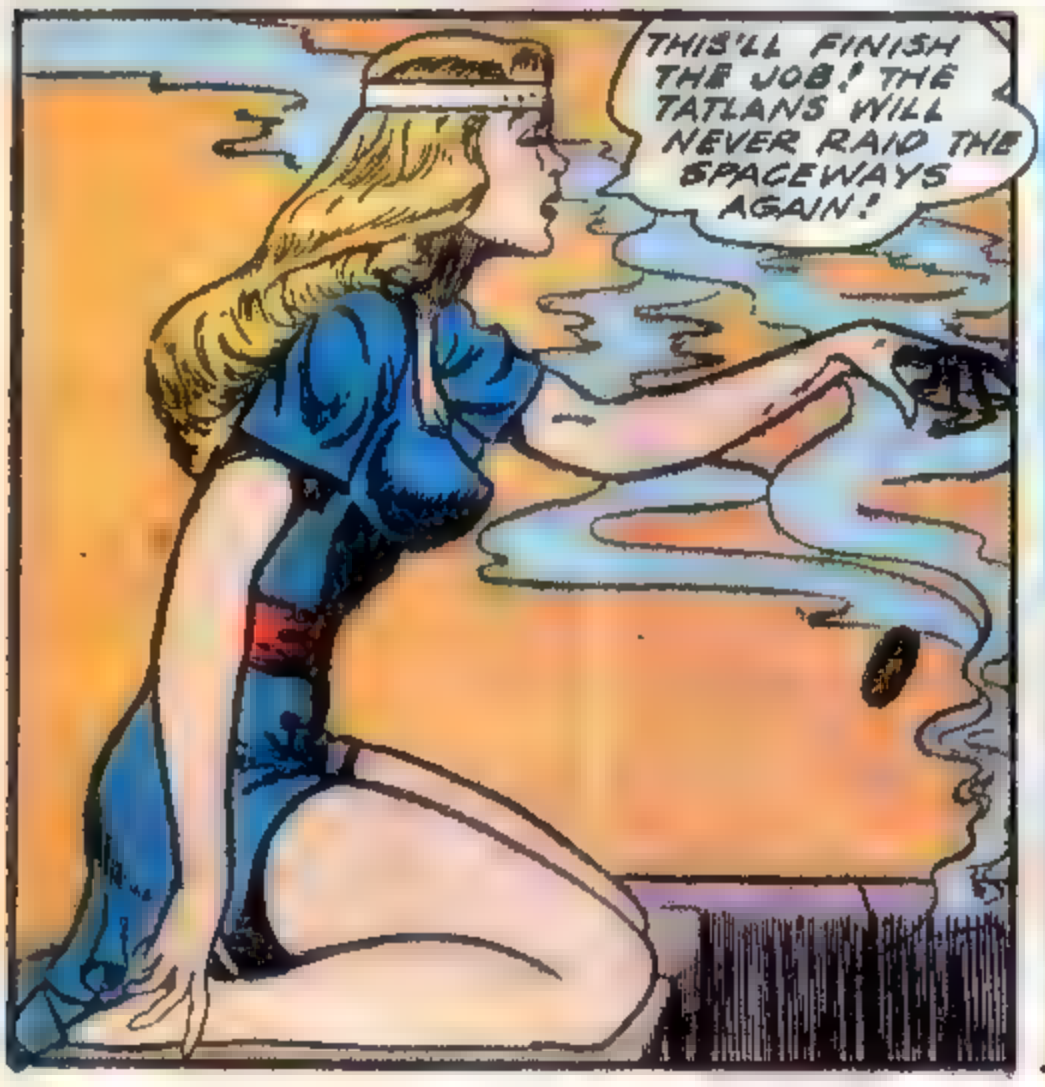
BUT..

HAVING OVERPOWERED THE GUARDS... GALE'S SQUADRON AND THE SLAVES STORM UP THE PYRAMID...

STAND BACK!.. ONE MORE STEP AND SHE DIES!







LATER..
HAIL TO GALE ALLEN AND HER GIRL SQUADRON! THEY SAVED US FROM A LIFE OF SLAVERY!
NEW THRILLS FOR GALE IN THE NEXT.. PLANET COMICS!

PLANET COMICS GOES ON SALE THE 10th

Star Pirate

By George Vincent

"THE VENGEANCE" HAS JUST MADE A FALTERING TAKE OFF FROM THE PLANETOID, RAAU...IT IS PICKING UP SPEED, WHEN...

SUDDENLY THEY GO INTO A DIVE.

WE'RE OUT OF FUEL!.. MUST'VE USED IT ALL UP IN THAT TAKE-OFF!

I'LL SEE IF I CAN KEEP HER LEVEL WHEN WE HIT! CAN'T SMASH THE SHIP!

STAR MAKES A PERFECT LANDING, BUT..

..THE HOWLING WILD MEN SURROUND THEM.. A FRIGHTENING WELCOMING-COMMITTEE..

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE CAPTURED THIS TIME!

HOV! TIME RIGHT.. PLANETOID GOD, URR IS IN SIGHT NOW.. CAN SACRIFICE THEM IMMEDIATELY!

AREN'T WE THE LUCKY BOYS, TRODY!

LATER, THE SACRIFICIAL WEAPON IS READY, AND THE TWO SPACE PALS TAKE A LAST LOOK AROUND. WHEN..

WAIT, MADJOK, I HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR THESE!

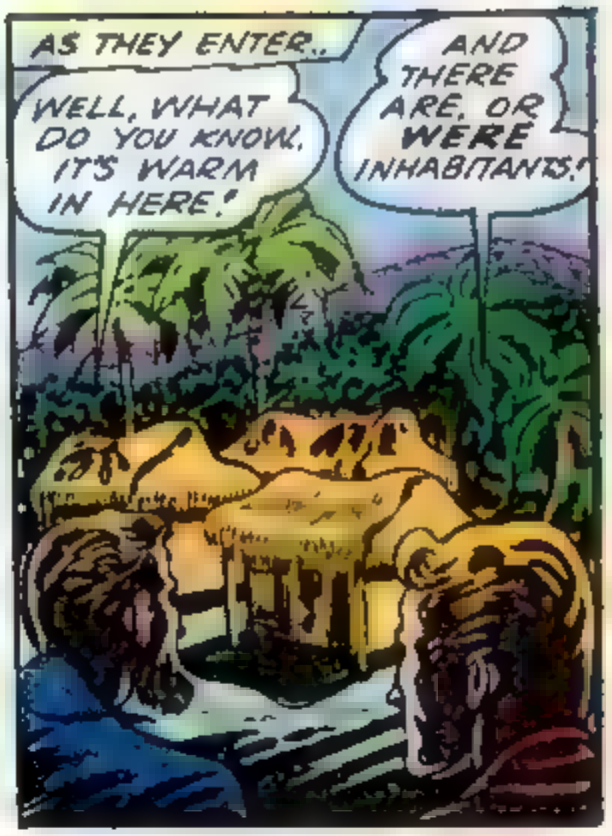
THIS LAND IS GROWING COLDER. MY PEOPLE MUST HAVE HEAT TO LIVE. THERE ARE WARM ROCKS HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS THAT WE NEED!

AND WHAT DOES THAT MAKE US, MESSENGER BOYS?

IF YOU BRING US A STORE OF THESE HEAT-GIVING STONES, FUEL WILL BE PUT IN YOUR BLACK BIRD AND YOU WILL BE FREE!

AFTER A GRUELLING TREK...
GOOD BOY, YOU MADE IT!
WHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

SOON..


AS THEY ENTER..
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW, IT'S WARM IN HERE!
AND THERE ARE, OR WERE INHABITANTS!

IF THEY'RE STILL AROUND, I HOPE THEY'RE FRIENDLY... THOSE NATIVES WOULDN'T GIVE US ANY WEAPONS! WAIT A MINUTE...

MY, IT'S WONDERFUL TO SEE OTHERS LIKE US!
EARTH PEOPLE! .. HELLO, WE COME AS FRIENDS!
HELLO!

HOW DID YOU EVER COME TO THIS LAND?
WE CRASHED HERE IN A SPACE SHIP MANY YEARS AGO, AND WERE DRIVEN INTO THE HILLS BY THE SAVAGERY OF THE NATIVES BELOW!

AND IT WAS YOU WHO FOUND AND LEARNED HOW TO USE THOSE HEAT-GIVING ROCKS THAT WE'VE BEEN SENT FOR!
THAT'S RIGHT! BUT WE'LL GIVE NONE OF THEM AWAY!

THIS WILL TAKE PERSUASION.. BUT I THINK I HAVE A PLAN!

CERTAINLY! WON'T YOU, DADDY?

WOULD YOU SHOW US THOSE STONES?

A FEW MINUTES LATER... AN AMAZING SIGHT...

IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE! .. HOW MANY OF YOU ARE THERE?

JUST THE FOUR LEFT FROM THE TWELVE WHO CRASHED!

THEN I THINK WE CAN ARRANGE SOMETHING! ... IF YOU'LL HELP US TAKE SOME OF THESE ROCKS DOWN TO THE NATIVES, OUR SHIP WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO EARTH!

..OVERJOYED AT THE PROSPECT OF GOING HOME, THE EARTHERS WORK FURIOUSLY...

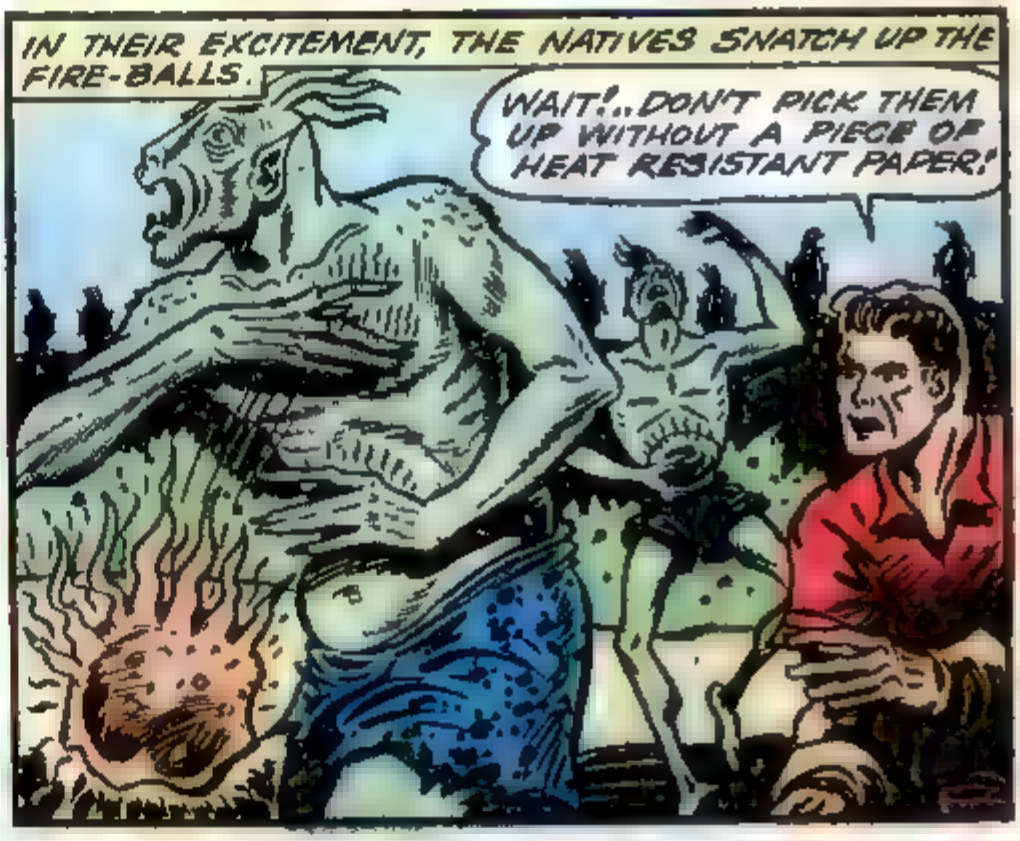
AND ARE SOON TAKING THEIR PRECIOUS CARGO..A SURE PASSPORT TO FREEDOM... DOWN THE MOUNTAIN...

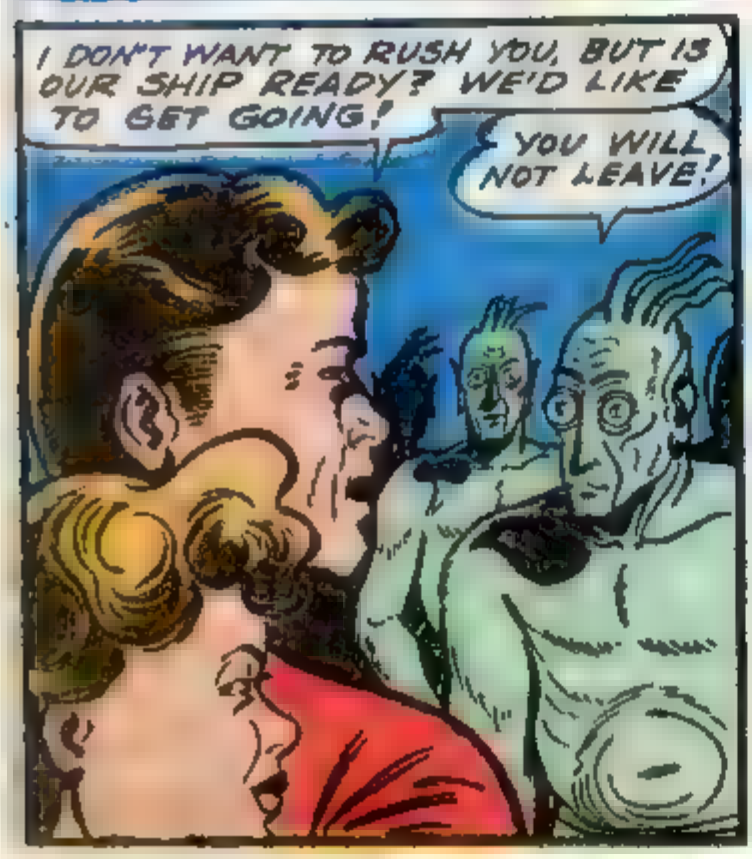
THEN..
THAT'S RIGHT! .. TAKE IT SLOWLY, AND WATCH THE TURNS!

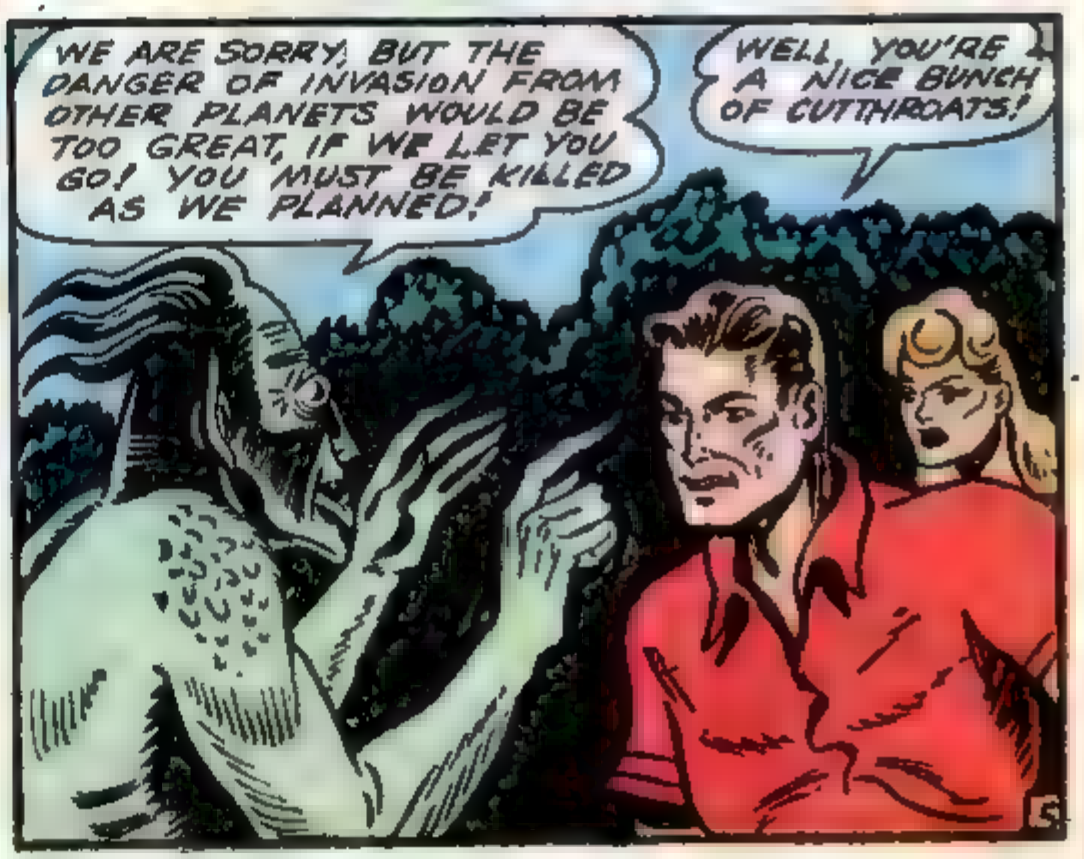
AROUND A CURVE.. TOO NEAR THE EDGE...

BUT.. JUST IN TIME, THE CART IS PULLED BACK.

FINALLY..
THE ROCKS OF WARMTH ARE HERE!


IN THEIR EXCITEMENT, THE NATIVES SNATCH UP THE FIRE-BALLS.
WAIT!.. DON'T PICK THEM UP WITHOUT A PIECE OF HEAT RESISTANT PAPER!


I DON'T WANT TO RUSH YOU, BUT IS OUR SHIP READY? WE'D LIKE TO GET GOING!
YOU WILL NOT LEAVE!


WE ARE SORRY, BUT THE DANGER OF INVASION FROM OTHER PLANETS WOULD BE TOO GREAT, IF WE LET YOU GO! YOU MUST BE KILLED AS WE PLANNED!
WELL, YOU'RE A NICE BUNCH OF CUTTHROATS!

I'M SORRY I GOT YOU INTO THIS BUT MAYBE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO ESCAPE EVEN WITHOUT WEAPONS... KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!

WITH ONE QUICK THRUST, STAR GRABS THE SACRIFICIAL PINCERS...

..AND BEFORE THE NATIVES CAN STOP HIM, HAS ONE OF THE STONES IN HIS GRIP..

GET BEHIND ME, ALL OF YOU! I'LL USE THIS TO KEEP THEM BACK!

THUS, THEY ARE ABLE TO GET AWAY FROM THEIR CAPTORS... BUT..

SURROUNDED, ON THE EDGE OF NOWHERE, THEY ARE SAFE FOR AWHILE, YET STILL PRISONERS ON THE PLANETOID..

WHEN NIGHT COMES...

JUST GIVE ME TEN MINUTES, THEN FOLLOW! I'LL HAVE THE NATIVES TOO BUSY TO STOP YOU BY THAT TIME!

THEN, HIDDEN BY THE SHADOWS..

IF MY PITCH IS AS GOOD AS IT USED TO BE, THIS OUGHT TO START SOMETHING!

...AND IT DOES!

GOOD, YOU ALL GOT HERE!.. I THINK THE SHIP'S OVER BEHIND THOSE BUSHES, AND WE'LL HELP OURSELVES TO THIS FUEL!

A FEW MINUTES LATER..

THERE'S THE VENGEANCE, AND SHE LOOKS SHIP-SHAPE TOO!

ALL ABOARD! AND THE NEXT STOP IS EARTH!

THAT SOUNDS GREAT!

WE ARE VERY GRATEFUL FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE, STAR PIRATE!

STAR PIRATE EMBARKS ON A NEW ADVENTURE OF THE SPACEWAYS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF...

PLANET COMICS

MARS

by Ross Gallun

MARS FINDS A GARDEN OF HATE AND SOWS HIS EVIL SEED.. HE RAISES A FINE BLOODY CROP.. YET ONE WEED SPOILS IT ALL..

ON A MINOR MOON OF NEPTUNE...

...IS A PENITENTIARY MAINTAINED BY THE WHOLE SOLAR SYSTEM...

KING OF THE INMATES IS BOZAR, LIFER, TRUSTY... AND FRIEND OF GUARD AND CON ALIKE...

BOZAR, WE'RE HAVING A NEW ARRIVAL TOMORROW. CAN YOU DO THE HONORS?

SURE, WARDEN GOFF!

THE NEXT DAY...

SO THIS IS THE DUMP!

BOZAR, THIS IS ADNA. SHOW HER THE ROPES.

HELLO, CHUM!

WELL, THIS IS OUR RECREATION HALL.

WHAT A HOLE!

ADNA WASTES NO TIME..AND NEITHER DOES MARS..

I GOT FRAMED, JUST LIKE YOU SUCKERS!

HMM!

I'LL JUST SEE WHAT I CAN DO HERE!

AND THE STRANGE SYMPTOMS OF MARS' ENTRANCE APPEARS...

LISTEN, YOU GUYS!

YOU'RE CRAZY TO STAY HERE! WHY, THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF YOU.. AND ONLY A HANDFUL OF GUARDS!

BOZAR IS UPSET. HE KNOWS WARDEN GOFF AND THE GUARDS..THE PRISON HAS BEEN HIS LIFE..

HOW ABOUT YOU, BOZAR?.. YOU IN ON THIS?

BOZAR SEES THAT HIS FELLOW INMATES ARE AROUSED.

SURE, SURE.. BUT LET ME LOOK AROUND FIRST.

YEAH, FIND OUT WHAT YOU CAN.!

WARDEN GOFF, YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME.. THIS IS SERIOUS.!

HO-HO-HO! THANKS FOR TELLING US, BOZAR.. YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WE RUN THROUGH THIS WITH MANY NEW INMATES.! THEY SOON SEE IT'S HOPELESS.. AND WE SAVE ENERGY THAT WAY.. HO-HO-HO.. FORGET IT.!

IF THE WARDEN ONLY KNEW HOW FAR THE PLANS HAVE GONE.. KUL, ANOTHER LEADER, TAMPERS WITH THE CELL-LOCKING MECHANISM.!

..AND THAT NIGHT.. THE INMATES ARE FREE.!

EASY, BOYS, EASY.!

WHERE'S THE GUARD?

THE GUARDS ARE FOUND..

QUIETLY!

TOO LATE TO BROADCAST THE ALARM..

GET HIM!

AAAHH!

STAY OUT OF HARM'S WAY, DAUGHTER.. HELP WILL SOON COME!

AROUSED AT LAST, THE WARDEN GRIMLY PREPARES TO MAKE A STAND.

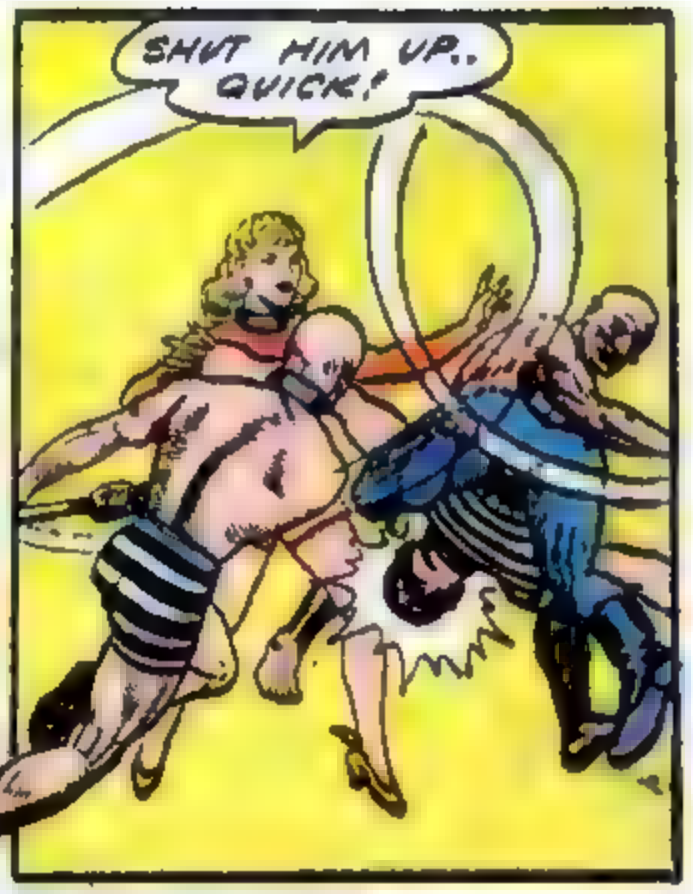
THEN, WHEN HE LEARNS THE ALARM WAS NOT GIVEN...

WHAT DO YOU PEOPLE WANT?

COME OUT.. WE WON'T HURT YOU!

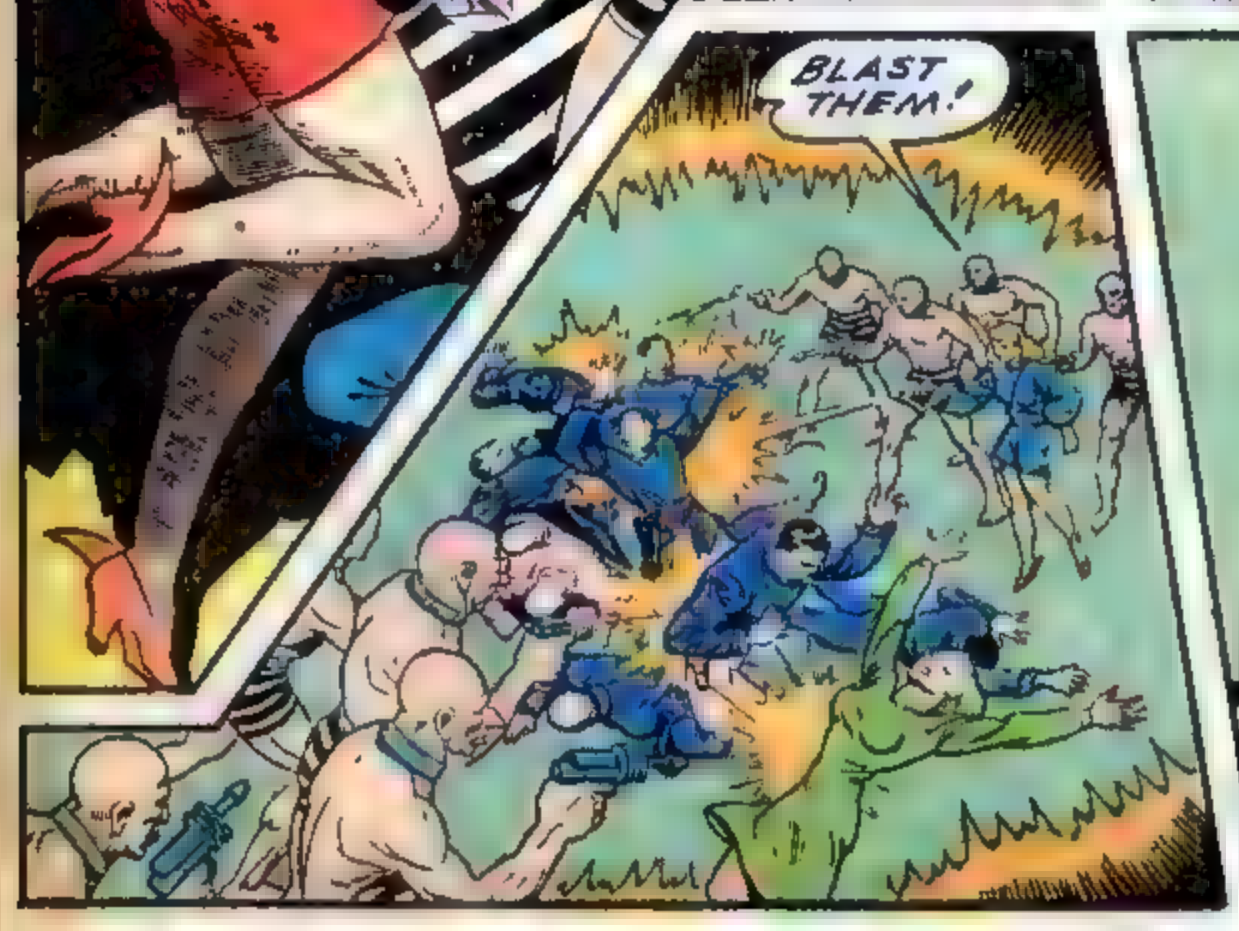
SHHH... AND WHEN THEY DO USE YOUR GUNS!

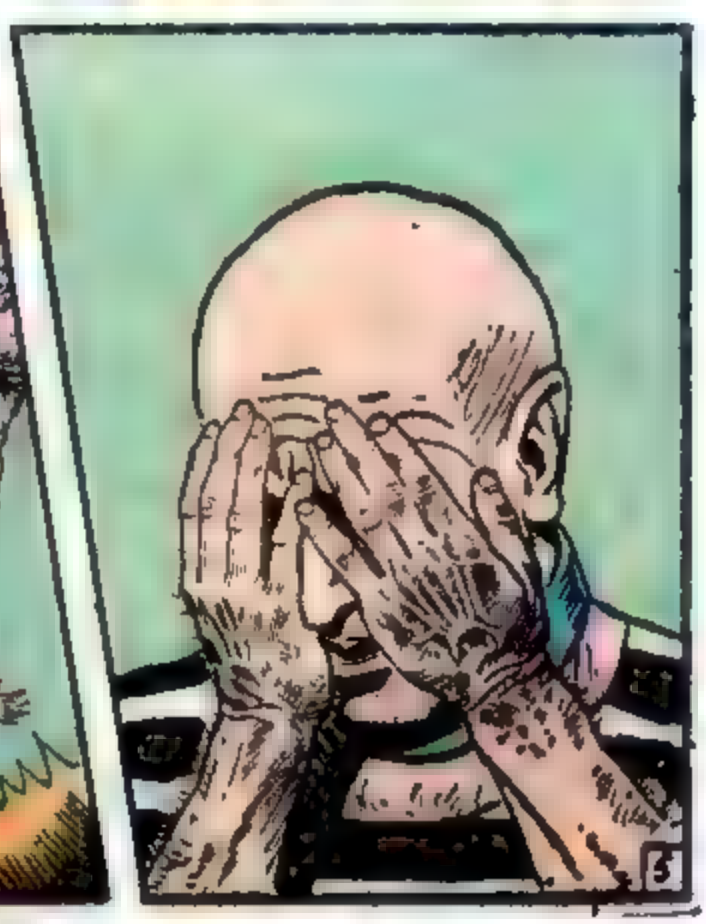
NO! YOU'RE GOING TOO FAR!


SHUT HIM UP.. QUICK!

I'LL SHUT HIM UP FOR GOOD!
NO! HE WAS OUR LEADER.. HE IS STILL MY FRIEND!

..SINCE YOU PROMISE US SAFE KEEPING..


BLAST THEM!



LATER, ADNA ASSUMING LEADERSHIP, REVEALS HER PLANS..

WHY STOP WITH THIS? WE ARE STRONG.. AND THIS SATELLITE IS SMALL..

...AND BEYOND THIS SATELLITE LIES NEPTUNE.. BEYOND NEPTUNE, THERE ARE OTHER WORLDS!

BUT BOZAR, TOO, HAS HIS PLANS...

YOU SPOKE WELL, ADNA.. I WANT TO SHOW YOU I'M WITH YOU.. SOMEONE SHOULD OVERHAUL THE PRISON SHIPS!

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU?

ALREADY THEY FORGET OLD BOZAR.. AND THAT IS GOOD!

I AM NOT WATCHED..

THIS IS THE ONLY SHIP THAT'LL RUN NOW! WAIT UNTIL THEY TRY THE OTHERS..

KUL! IT'S BOZAR! AFTER HIM, MAN!

HE LANDS SAFELY ON NEPTUNE..

I AM BOZAR - FROM THE PRISON... TAKE ME TO YOUR COMMANDER.

AN ESCAPED CONVICT, SIR..

YES, ESCAPED FROM A MOB OF MURDERERS!

EVEN NOW THEY PLAN TO ATTACK THE NEAREST CITY!

IMPOSSIBLE!

YOU ARE LYING!

RETURN THIS ESCAPED CONVICT TO PRISON AT ONCE!

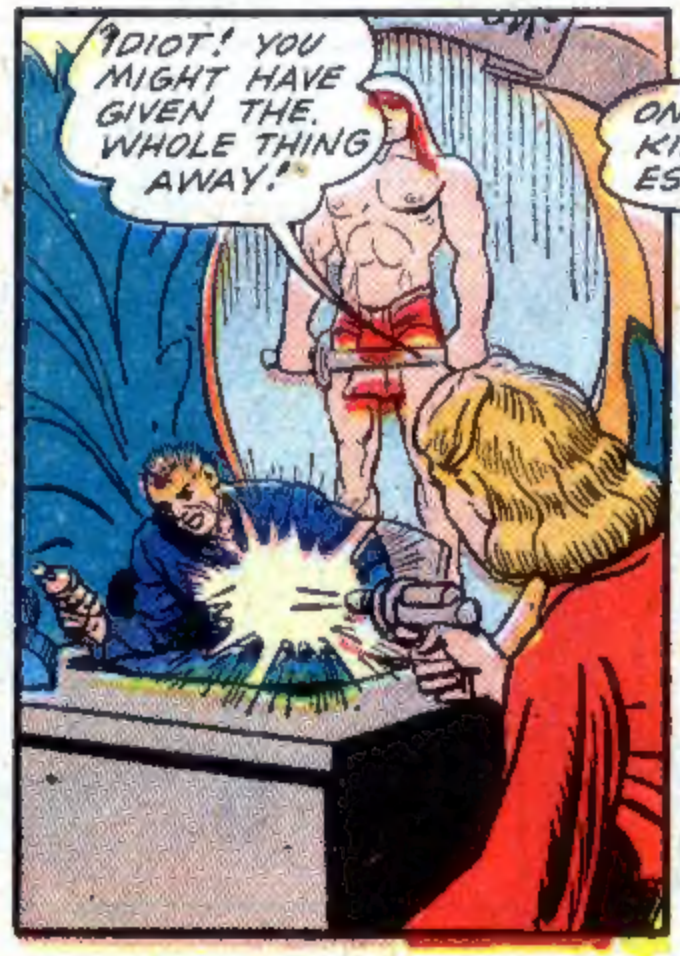
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING!

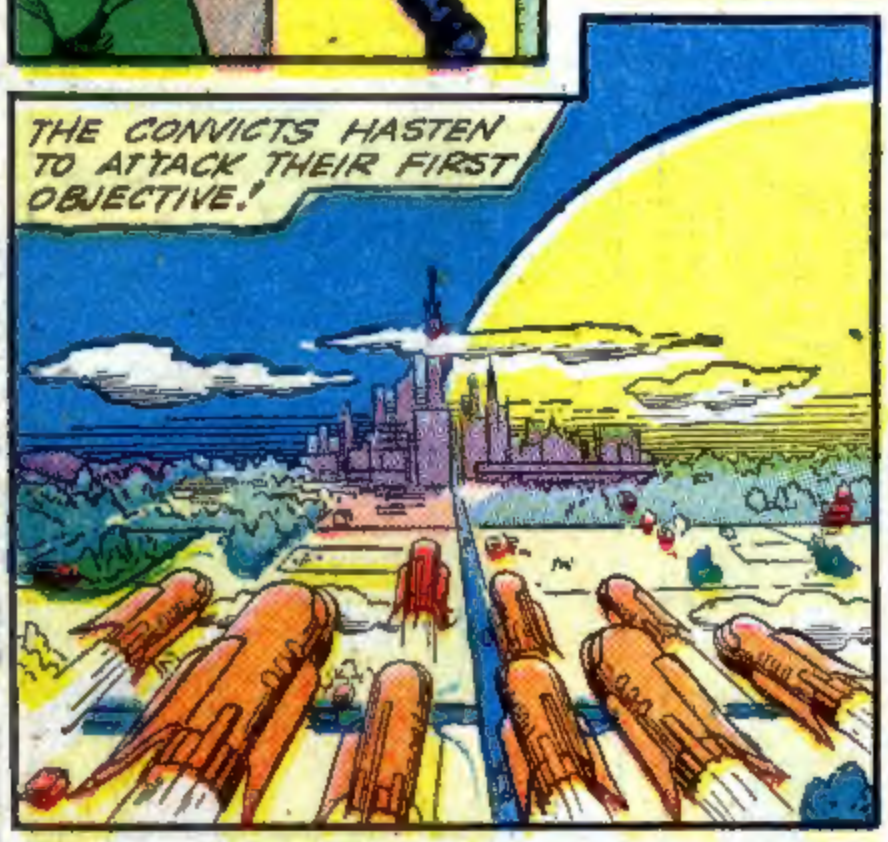
HOLD IT, KUL- IT'S A NEPTUNIAN SHIP! WE MUST ACT FAST!

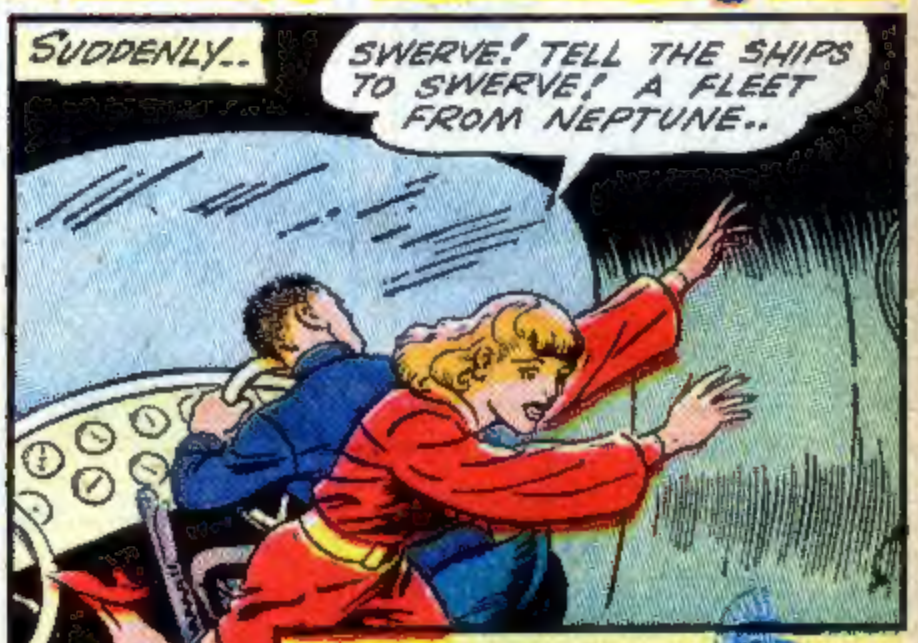
A CONVINCING TABLEAU IS PRESENTED TO THE NEPTUNIAN PATROLMAN...

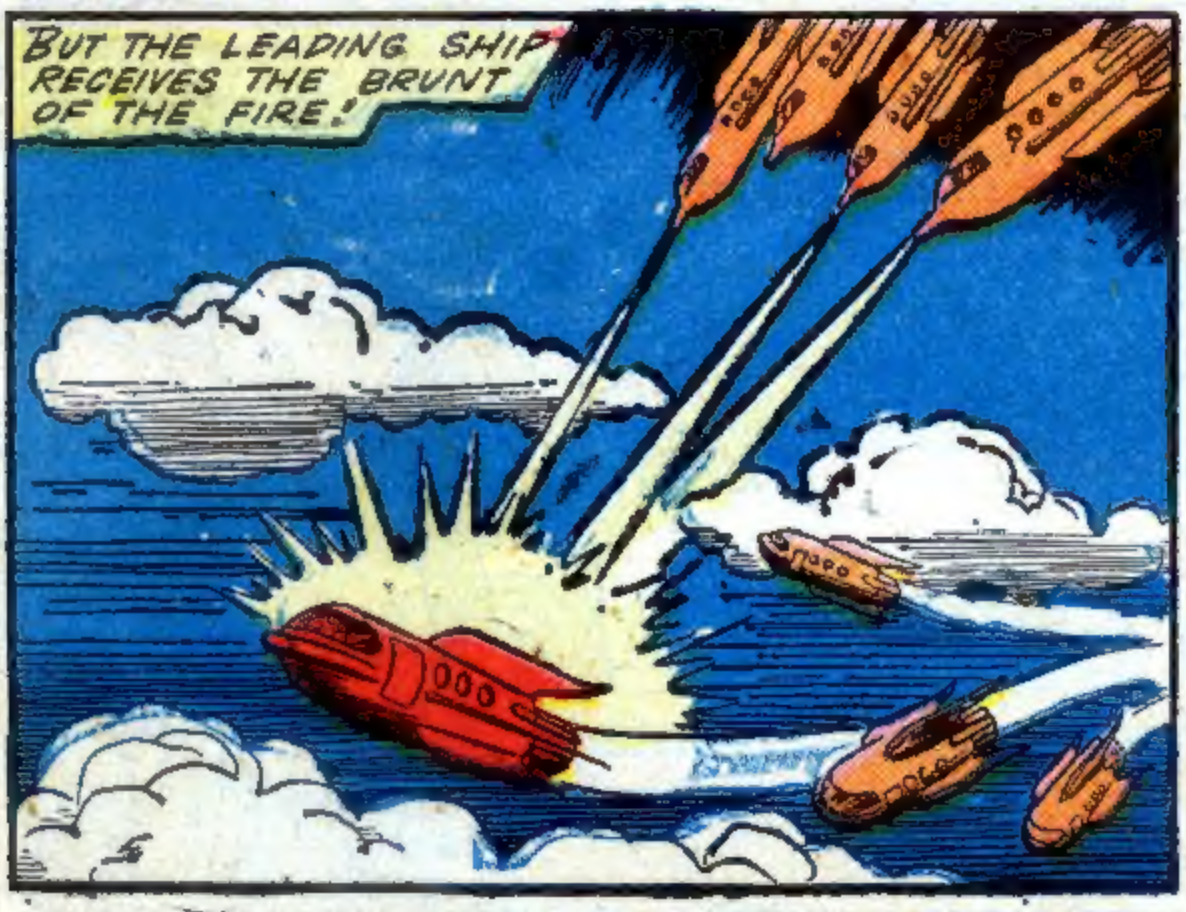
THANKS FOR BRINGING HIM BACK - HE'S A VICIOUS TYPE! IN FACT—

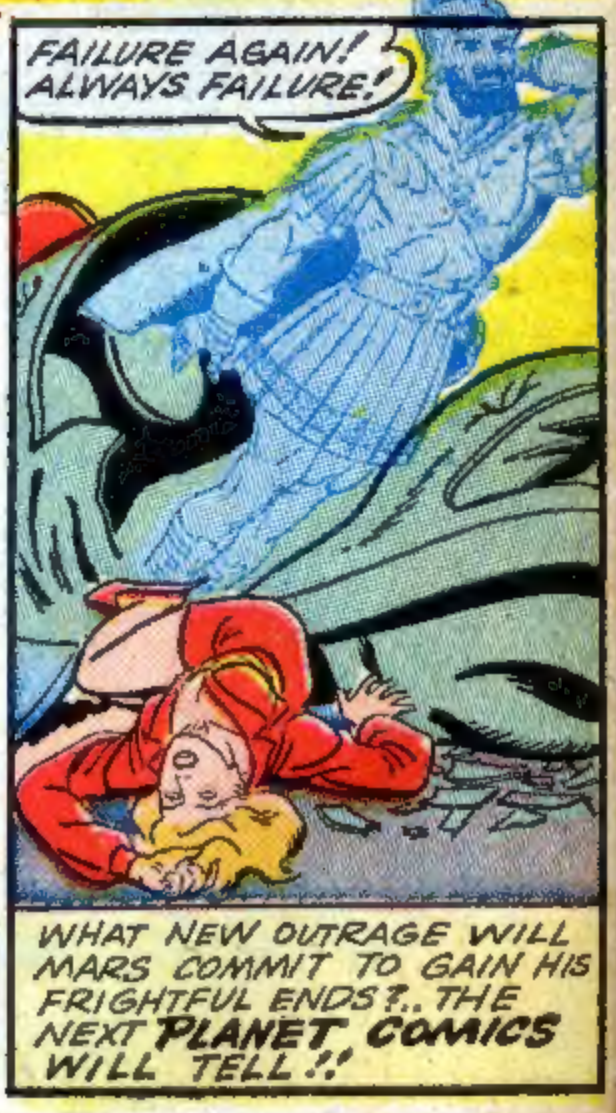
YOU FOOLS!










FAILURE AGAIN! ALWAYS FAILURE!
WHAT NEW OUTRAGE WILL MARS COMMIT TO GAIN HIS FRIGHTFUL ENDS?.. THE NEXT PLANET COMICS WILL TELL?!

PLANET COMICS GOES ON SALE THE 10th

YOU can earn PRIZES like MAGIC! It's fun! It's easy. Take your pick of any of these prizes—the G-man set for instance—it's the real McCoy—complete with inking pad, dusting powders and magnifying glass. Or how about a Flashlight, a watch or pen and pencil set? If you're a camper you'll get a real thrill out of owning the hand axe and knife. These can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazines. Mail the coupon and get started today.

Boys

EARN THESE PRIZES AND MAKE MONEY TOO

All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. It will not interfere with school or other activities. Just think—a few hours a week will net you a cash income of your own and any of the prizes you may choose from my PRIZE BOOK, which is packed from cover to cover with a super selection of items—a few of which are shown here. Start today by filling in the coupon which you can paste on a penny postcard—or if you prefer just write to

MR JIM THAYER DEPT. 32
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co
Springfield, Ohio

Mr. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 32
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away

NAME_____ AGE_____

ADDRESS_____ (*)Postal Unit No. _____

(*) If your city is so divided

CITY_____ STATE_____

Here's the Greatest BILLFOLD BARGAIN in all America

3 BIG VALUES in ONE

All for only $1.98

- ★ This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case
- ★ Your Choice of Emblems and Name Engraved on the Billfold in 23k GOLD
- ★ 3-Color Identification Plate
  Beautifully Engraved with your Name, Address and Social Security Number

YOU GET THIS! Smart looking, beautifully styled Leather Billfold with Pass Case to hold membership and credit cards. Perfect snap fasters locks in currency and valuables can't fall out.

Your Permanent Engraved Identification Tag.

Rising Costs of Leather Goods may make it impossible to repeat this amazing offer!

De Luxe VALUE

Smart Leather BILLFOLD

Your Favorite Emblem, Name, Address and Social Security Number . . . Engraved IN GOLD! . . All At This One LOW PRICE

Your Favorite Emblem Here

Your Full Name Here

Here, without a doubt, is the greatest Billfold and Pass Case Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. Through a fortunate purchase we have a limited quantity of these smart leather Billfolds available at this low price. If you have *shopped around*, you know that it is virtually impossible to get a good leather Billfold of this type beautifully engraved in gold with your Lodge Emblem or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia and Name at this sensational low price. In addition we also send you a specially designed 3-color Emergency Identification Plate, on which we engrave your Social Security Number, your Name and your Address. This smart Leather Billfold must actually be seen to be fully appreciated. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., it has 4 pockets each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. This handsome Billfold has the sturdy appearance and style usually found in costlier Billfolds.

Due to difficulty in obtaining good leather because of war conditions, the supply of these Billfolds is limited. Remember, you get 3 BIG VALUES for only $1.98. So rush your order today! If after receiving your Engraved Billfold, you don't positively agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you ever came across, return it and we'll refund the money.

YOU GET THIS! Your choice of Emblems and your Name richly Engraved in 23 k Gold on the Face of the Billfold. Your name is also engraved in Gold, inside the Billfold.

YOU GET THIS! A beautiful 3-color Emergency Identification Plate which carries your full name, address and Social Security Number. A perfect identification record for you.

Rush Your Order! OUR SUPPLY OF LEATHER BILLFOLDS IS LIMITED!

Rush this Coupon for this Once-in-a-Lifetime Bargain

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3020
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

If you want a LODGE, ARMY, or NAVY INSIGNIA, state name here_____

Gentlemen: I enclose $1.98. Please send me a Smart Leather Billfold with my name and favorite Emblem engraved in 23k Gold. You are also to include the Emergency Identification Plate carrying my Full Name and Social Security Number.

MY FULL NAME_____ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

☐ Check here if you want us to ship the above C. O. D. for $1.98 plus a few pennies postage and C. O. D. charges ● Social Security Number_____